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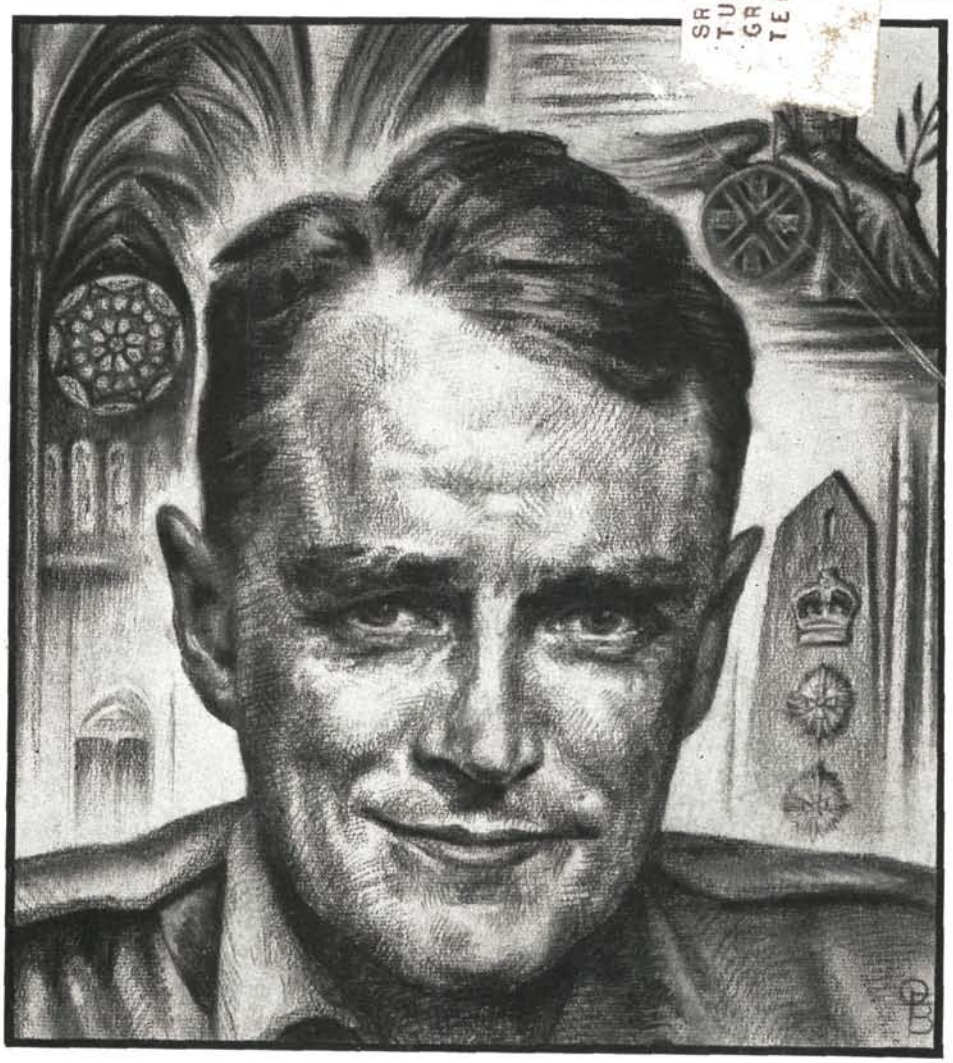

Bruce Marshall, author of "Vespers in Vienna." *(See page 9)*

When Monsters Become Masters

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

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August 16, 1947

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Gannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 33, August 16, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

DANNY KAYE'S ANTICS in the screen version of Jim Thurber's classic "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" are unbelievably hilarious, and the picture probably will delight everybody but the Ancient Order of Mitty Worshippers (Frank Sullivan, president) who, when they see how little is left of the original story, may blow out the brains of either themselves or the producer. Thurber himself seemed a bit puzzled at the conclusion of the prevue. "Anybody catch the name of this picture?" he asked.

Later we repaired to the Plaza Oak Room, where Thurber convulsed everybody with an uncanny imitation of Harold Ross, *The New Yorker's* great editor. At the height of the performance, Ross himself strode into the room. "What's funny about me?" he demanded, using all the violent gestures Thurber had mimicked so perfectly. "I don't do anything anybody can imitate!"

Ross admits that life at *The New Yorker* is not the same since the redoubtable Alexander Woollcott vanished from the scene. Ross used to goad Woollcott deliberately into writing him insulting letters. Woollcott mailed them in a fine white heat of anger, exulting, "When Ross reads what I called him, he won't dare show his face in public for a week." Ross, however, happily had the letters mimeographed, and dispatched copies to all their mutual friends. Woollcott once completed some intricate transaction whereby he came into possession of two hundred brand-new Sulka neckties, and, in a moment of unaccountable graciousness, told Ross, "Pick one out for yourself." Ross not only picked one for himself, but pilfered forty extra in the process. The next time Mr. W. paid a scheduled visit to *The New Yorker* offices, everybody in the place, including the elevator man and the young lady at the switchboard, was draped in a Sulka cravat. "Ross," snarled Woollcott, "you are the kind of poltroon I find hard to deal with," and flounced off to air his grievance to Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. He even persuaded them to cancel their subscription to *The New Yorker*. The following summer, they discovered the latest issue on Woollcott's own table at Bomoseen. "I've forgiven Ross," he explained airily. "I'm writing a piece for him now."

According to *Variety*, Thurber signed with Mr. Goldwyn to do a screen treatment of "The Catsbird-seat" as well as "Mr. Mitty," but when he turned in a script, Mr. Goldwyn told him to revise it. Mr. Thurber told Mr. Goldwyn to go climb a tree. What's more, he returned every penny of the $28,000 he had received in advance, and even made his agent throw in his ten-per-cent commission. Thurber says the story is exaggerated, particularly the part about the $28,000. Anyhow, other Hollywood writers, not to mention Mr. Goldwyn, are said to be aghast. . . .

THURBER TOLD US about a fellow writer whose services were enlisted by Lester Cowan, who owns the screen rights to F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Babylon Revisited." "Fitzgerald did a script for this story," Cowan told the writer. "Since then, at least a dozen top men have tinkered with it, but still I'm not satisfied. I want you to tackle it." The writer read Fitzgerald's original script, and came back to declare emphatically, "This is the most perfect motion-picture scenario I ever read. I don't see why you want to revise it." Cowan reflected a moment, and agreed, "You're absolutely right. I'll pay you two thousand dollars a week to stay out here and keep me from changing one word of it." . . .

LON TINKLE, popular book editor of the *Dallas News,* in New York to give a summer session course at Columbia, was another member of the party at the Plaza, and had his own Woollcott anecdote to contribute. Some years ago, the "Town Crier" came to Dallas to deliver a lecture, in the course of which he volunteered the temperate opinion that the then-current Philip Barry comedy hit, "The Philadelphia Story," was "pure bibdrool and bellywash." Tinkle demurred, maintaining that he had enjoyed the play thoroughly. "That simply proves you're a snob," answered Woollcott. "Your father probably was a plumber." Tinkle said softly, "It happens that I was born in a house with seventy rooms." "A lying-in hospital, no doubt," replied the unabashed Woollcott. . . .

THE SHINING STAR of "The Philadelphia Story," Miss Katharine Hepburn, is reported to be completing a novel, by the way, in her home in Hartford. And on the other side of the continent, another great stage favorite, Ed Wynn, is making threatening gestures in the direction of an autobiography. . . . One of Wynn's funniest acts, I think, introduced him as an intrepid huntsman, rifle in hand, horn slung over his shoulder, ready to go out and bag his prey. Just before he

It's practical—she hasn't any sense of direction."

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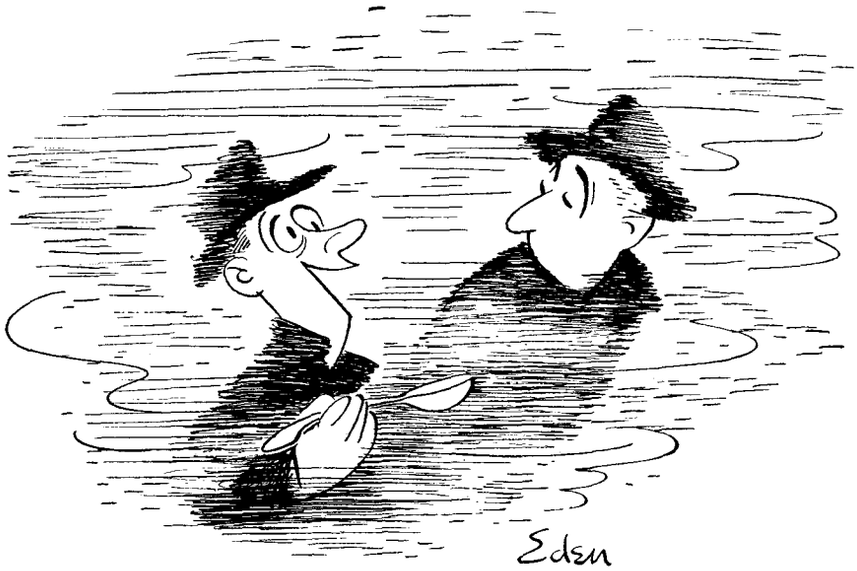

"This pea-soup fog is delicious."

sallied forth, he took a look at himself in a pocket mirror, recoiled, and gasped, "Thank God, I'm not in season." . . . In the same show, he was operating a pretzel stand when a cop told him, "Hey, mister, you can't sell those pretzels here without a license." Wynn answered, "I knew there had to be some reason I couldn't sell them. Thanks for telling me what it was."

A television salesman tried to sell one of his elaborate models to Mr. Wynn. "Just think," he said, "you can sit comfortably in your hotel room, press a button on your television set, and a beautiful, scantily clad girl is suddenly standing before you." "In hotels I go to," Wynn said, "you can get the same thing without television." . . .

MONICA DICKENS, author of Lippincott's newly published "The Happy Prisoner," is a great granddaughter of the author of "David Copperfield." That reminds me of a delectable cartoon by Barbara Shermund, wherein a young thing was introduced to an author at a literary tea and gushed, "Not *the* Mr. Charles Dickens?" . . . Helen Hull's new book, "Octave," will be published next month by Coward-McCann. . . . The last manuscript read by Max Perkins before his death was Baynard Kendrick's "Lights Out." In his report he noted, "This is the nearest thing to Mark Twain I've run across in a long time." . . . Turning down a story about Chinese peasants, Hollywood agent Irving Lazar wrote, "They haven't been making pictures like this for some time, and speaking for myself, I'd call it a good dearth." . . . Author Henry Miller and Artist Bazalel Schatz, who evidently do not read the business sections, have just collaborated on a stunning book that retails for one hundred dollars a copy. It is called "Into the Night Life," and is a silk screen creation throughout. The eight hundred copies took a year and a half to produce. How long they'll take to sell is another story. Mr. Schatz's sister, Zahara, is not worried. She plans to exhibit the book at art galleries throughout the country. Temporarily, she may be reached at 530 Third Avenue, New York 16, New York.

LINDA YOUNG, three-year-old daughter of one of the town's leading printers, has a new English governess who is teaching her perfect manners. Her parents wonder if they are not a shade too perfect. The other morning, she followed her father to the wardrobe and asked sweetly, "Daddy, may I borrow a clothes hanger for a moment, please?" When he gave her the hanger, she curtsied prettily, took careful aim, and conked her mother squarely on the head with it. Then she returned it to her father, saying, "Thank you ever so much." . . . Columnist Bob Ruark began a parody of today's lush historical novels more or less for his own amusement. An alert Doubleday scout picked it up, however, and now it will be one of the most heavily exploited books of the fall season. Title: "Grenadine Etchings." . . . A publisher had paused for a moment at his reception desk when a very beautiful young lady appeared with a manuscript under her arm. Ever a slave to the cause of literature, the publisher promptly suggested that she show him the manuscript in his private office. When he emerged some time later an editor asked him, "Well, boss, can she write?" "Can she write?" echoed the publisher. *"Like a rabbit!"*

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

ONCE upon a time a man came into this office with an adventure story about the South Seas, taking place in 1851. The manuscript purported to be a transcript from a diary written in a ledger (partly in longhand, partly shorthand) by a young man named Henry Colby, hailing from Auckland, Australia, who, in 1851, was intending to become a schoolteacher. That Colby's plans were upset, was due to the remarkable adventure which he proceeded to record in his ledger.

The Ledger of Lying Dog, as the book is titled, was really written by WILLIAM GEORGE WEEKLEY. It is a story that will remind some of Nordoff and Hall, and others of Robert Louis Stevenson. It has all the adventure and suspense of the former team, and all the antiquely sparkling style of the latter. The sense of authenticity it creates is so remarkable that even the sort of sticklers who probe for Ph.D. theses would swear it all happened, and maybe to them.

Recently somebody spoiled a movie for me by telling me too much of the plot. I don't want to spoil this one for you. Suffice it to say that this is a tale in which the hunter becomes the hunted and then in a sense turns hunter again; in which violence is unleashed upon the quiet beauty of an uninhabited tropical island; in which a haunting love story ends abruptly, leaving only conjecture and the shrouded mist of mystery. At times, murder, manmade and sharkmade impend upon the young adventurer, Henry Colby. And at such times his own native intelligence and ingenuity manage to prolong his precarious existence. At other times he lives in love and tropical abundance, at peace with the far-off world. But I'm tempted to tell you more, and I mustn't.

A word of warning — Don't start to read it just before train-time, because you'll miss your train.

paul

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Last week's crop of clippings

ONCE A WEEK a large brown envelope full of last week's clippings of reviews appears on our desk. Book by book, we find out what the reviewers think of our ware—wondering, occasionally, if we can be thinking of the same book and sometimes going back again to find out what we've said of it ourselves. A short time ago we were sent back to reread our own copy when one reviewer attacked us for not telling all on the jacket of a new novel that's just starting up the bestseller list—started his review, in fact, by remarking "If you read . . . the publisher's description of MOON GAFFNEY by Harry Sylvester, you may never know what the book is about."—and went on to regret the lack of description of particular scenes which would have made the jacket description a one-sided précis. It's true that we did not mention the major conflict in the book, but purposely. Publishers, along with other people who listen and talk, evolve a list of can'ts and one thriving old chestnut is the theory that you don't talk religion and sell books — not books of fiction. So when we wrote about MOON GAFFNEY, we didn't call it a novel about a young man brought up in the Catholic Church who ran into difficulties with some members of the clergy. We mentioned his political hopes, which are an integral part of the book, and we talked about the girls who caught his fancy—one because she was attractive and one because her father was in politics. Distinctly, though, we called it a novel about a young man and not a novel about a young Catholic.

Critics and reviewers jumped in and tackled the problem without our qualms, and Francis Downing, writing in *The Commonweal,* said:

> It took a good deal of anger to write this book; anger that is in the bowels, but anger, too, that is in the mind and is controlled by the mind. It is anger that is hot with knowledge, but anger, also, that is deep in religious belief. It is born of violation, the deepest violation of the human spirit—betrayal by what one loves. It is anger that is residual, while there is no leaving off of loving.
>
> (Sylvester's) is a novel beautifully and wonderfully done. His, now, is a sure and great talent. Many Catholics will abuse his book: but all Christians will be grateful for it."

In an editorial in *The Irish Echo,* Mr. Downing's prediction came true. Said the *Echo*:

> Incidentally, we are not at all surprised (that Sylvester) dedicates his lamebrain to "All good Catholic radicals", since he charges that many priests seem to have forgotten all about Christian charity, humility, generosity and loving kindness . . . We ask you, therefore, to take particular notice of the book MOON GAFFNEY. We request all American-Irish organizations to protest its circulation in public and private libraries.

Writing in the *Boston Herald,* Isabel Currier said:

> I found MOON GAFFNEY the finest novel of its kind that I have ever read. Its fearless realism is born more of anguish than of anger; its galaxy of vivid characters portrayed with more benevolence than bitterness; its satire more disdainful than derisive . . . MOON GAFFNEY marks Harry Sylvester's literary coming of age to top rank among the truly important philosophical novelists of our time.

And writing on the jacket of MOON GAFFNEY, Henry Holt and Company said:

> This is a story which is being acted out every day in other cities and towns, but only the stone and steel of New York City could be a completely fitting background for Harry Sylvester's politically-minded, young Irish Faust.

After this we may take courage from the reviewers. We did in one recent and walloping piece of nonfiction, Emmet John Hughes's REPORT FROM SPAIN. In ads on and after publication day we called the book "a damning indictment of the Franco regime by a Catholic liberal" and went on to say: "This startling report is the first really complete story of Franco's Falange . . . the skill with which he plays Army against Church, Church against Party . . . REPORT FROM SPAIN is a vivid picture of one of the hotbeds of Fascism in the post-war world . . . and what we can do about it." These comments from the body of our ad were expanded in our jacket copy. They call most of the important shots that have since become the property of enthusiastic reviewers.

Time magazine called it "the best-informed book yet published on post-civil-war Spain"; The *Christian Science Monitor* applauded Hughes's "depth of insight and freedom from bias."

Writing in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune,* Lewis Gannett said:

> If there be any who still question the character of the Franco regime in Spain, Emmet John Hughes's REPORT FROM SPAIN should settle the matter.
>
> Mr. Hughes, apparently, classes himself with a large section of the Spanish people, who are, he says, "at once profoundly Catholic and acidly anti-clerical." Spaniards, he says, find it easy to distinguish between a priest and a religion.

Writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* Robert Okin said:

> The testimony and the verdict of REPORT FROM SPAIN constitute one of the most devastating indictments of the regime that has yet been written by a serious and well-informed student of modern Spanish history.
>
> The Spain (Hughes) depicts is a totalitarian dictatorship run by an intellectually limited but politically cunning dictator who shrewdly manipulates the three main forces that unite only in supporting him—the traditionally reactionary army, the traditionally reactionary clergy, and the fascist Falange party.

Harry Hansen, in the *N.Y. World Telegram,* concludes:

> . . . his book on Spain becomes a warning to Americans to adopt a clear policy of support for democratic institutions abroad.
>
> To worry about Communism is negative, says Mr. Hughes; to make democracy work is the only positive and effective antidote.

We are pleased to categorize such comments as "uniformly enthusiastic reviews" and we watch for their alter-ego, a rise in our sales curve.

We'll continue to read through packs of clippings each week. We think they have something to do with sales, and anyway it's fun to compare our words with what the critics say.

We'd say it again.

MOON GAFFNEY
by Harry Sylvester. $2.75

REPORT FROM SPAIN
by Emmet John Hughes, $3.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

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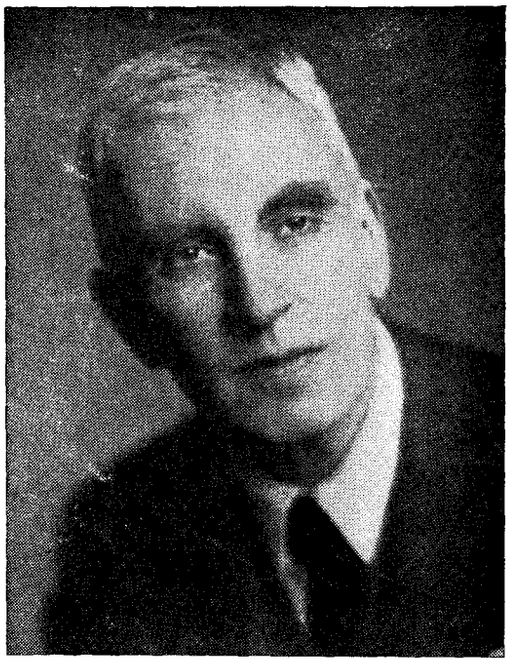
The Saturday Review of Literature

When Monsters Become Masters

Gods in Technology—Apes in Life

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE



Arnold J. Toynbee: "For mankind at large, political capacity is evidently an exceptional gift of the gods."

DURING the nineteen-thirties the writer of this article was a frequent traveler between his native England and Nazi Germany, and the feeling that used to come over him each time as he left Germany on his journey home is still fresh in his mind. "Here," he used to think to himself, "are two manifestly incompatible worlds bowling along side by side at about one hour's flying distance from one another. This is a situation that cannot last. Liberal England and Nazi Germany cannot go on co-existing at point-blank bombing range of one another. In quite a short time from now, one or other of them must be eliminated—presumably by violence." It was an appalling prospect at the time and it is a disquieting memory now; for, though the catastrophe that loomed above the horizon of the nineteen-thirties is today behind us, and mankind has rid itself of the Third Reich at a cost exceeding the utmost that could be imagined in advance, the problem of co-existent incompatible worlds is still with us, while the catastrophic dénouement now presents itself in terms of the atomic bomb and other new weapons, of unprecedented destructive power, which the war of 1939-45 has left us as part of its legacy.

A sharp frontier between two very diverse cultures is not, in itself, either an unfamiliar or a necessarily sinister phenomenon. In the days of the pre-Nazi Weimar Republic, the writer once crossed the frontier between Lithuania and East Prussia. The train slid over a short bridge spanning an insignificant stream, and, in that moment, the traveler was translated from a primitive peasant world into surroundings reminiscent of Surrey or Massachusetts. On that occasion he was reminded of a previous journey in which he had passed out of the modern industrial world into a farmer's Arcadia when his train crossed the Ohio from Cincinnati into Kentucky. Frontiers as sharp as these excite the wonder, and stimulate the historical imagination, of the student of human affairs. How strange it is, he muses to himself, that our common human nature can be overlaid with such dramatically diverse social patterns within the brief span of a few hundred or few thousand years, through the differential evolution of an originally uniform social heritage. There is an intellectual problem here to brood over, but there is not a moral problem to shudder at; and that is what distinguishes cultural frontiers of this kind from the abyss that opened, fourteen years ago, between Nazi Germany and the Western World.

What horrifies here is, of course, not just a sensational difference in cultural levels, but a difference that has been brought about by the moral relapse of a community that was once part of Western Christendom and that had seemed, within living memory, to be grounded, like its Western neighbors, in the accepted traditions of a humane civilization. Nazi Germany repudiated our Western Christian morality but held on to our Western industrial technique as an instrument for imposing her wicked will by force; and, for an historian, this is particularly disturbing because, as he sees it, it is not entirely a new departure and does not implicate the Germans alone. In historical perspective, this Nazi policy looks like a further step along a road on which the Western World as a whole had entered as far back as the latter part of the seventeenth century when, in reaction from the Wars of Religion, our predecessors set themselves to disengage the rational, practical, utilitarian superstructure of Western life from its emotional, idealistic, fanatical religious basis. To purge our civilization of this inexpedient religious ferment seemed, at the time, to be a step in advance. But if the next step, after repudiating Christian "enthusiasm," has been to get rid of Christian morality as well, and at the same time to reinstate the passions and appetites of the jungle, towards what goal are we being led by this progressive inversion of the traditional values of civilization?

How did the next step come to be taken in Nazi Germany in the nineteen-thirties? There is no evidence that the repudiation of the Christian ethical tradition was the deliberate act of the German people *en masse*. Europeans who went through the experience of living under German military occupation during the war of 1939-45 seem inclined to distinguish sharply between the Reichswehr, who were a sample of the German people as a whole, and the Gestapo and other representatives of the Nazi regime. The Reichswehr, they tell us, behaved like ordinary Christians on the whole

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—allowing, of course, for the abnormal and barbarous circumstances of war and conquest—whereas the Gestapo were creatures of a criminal underworld, between whom and their victims there was an impassable spiritual gulf.

How had these Nazi criminals got their grip on the levers of power? Were they a new creation? A devil's brood? Or were they representatives of an element that exists in every community in all places and times, but, in healthy communities, is kept out of mischief by the normal working of a civilized social system? The second of these alternative possibilities is evidently the truth, and this shifts the problem back from the heads of the Nazi criminals on to the shoulders of the German people. How was it that the Germans allowed these monsters to become their masters—and not merely submitted to their yoke, but gave them faithful obedience and sedulous service at a sacrifice of almost everything, material and spiritual, that makes human life worth living? The Germans are not an insignificant mediocre nation. They have outstanding gifts which have borne fruit in the past both in the field of action and in the life of the spirit. Is the political ineptitude of an otherwise gifted people the key to the riddle of the Nazi Reich?

We have put our finger here on a point of contact between the abnormal incident of Hitler's career and one of the perpetual paradoxes of normal human nature. Politics is merely one department of human relations, and the most extraordinary characteristic of man (as we can see if, by an effort of imagination, we can manage to look at ourselves from outside) is the extreme contrast between our ill success in dealing with ourselves and the mastery that we have established over physical nature. In the arts and sciences and in technology we are *virtuosi* — in technology above all. Think of the skyline of New York or the anatomy of the *Queen Elizabeth*, and then think of contemporary politics in the United States or the United Kingdom. The contrast is staggering; yet we are citing here two countries that have been supremely successful in politics on the standard of man's expectations in the field of human affairs. Look round the contemporary world, and count up the countries that are comparable to these two in respect of political maturity. You could almost count them on your fingers, and certainly on your fingers and toes. When you have named the Scandinavian countries, the Low Countries, Switzerland, and the present overseas Dominions of the British Commonwealth, you have probably exhausted the list. And, when you add them together, they amount to no more than a very small fraction of mankind.

What is more, if we focus our attention upon our own Western World, we shall observe that, since the Middle Ages, the circle of politically competent Western countries has contracted — in contrast to the vast diffusion and improvement of technical skill in the modern age. Political ability means capacity for self-government. We British and Americans believe that this faculty is the palladium that has preserved the parliamentary democratic countries from becoming happy hunting-grounds for home-grown Mussolinis and Hitlers. But the number of Western communities showing some capacity for self-government were certainly greater in the Middle Ages than it is today. The circle then included Spain, Italy, and the city-states that were so prominent in the life of medieval Germany. In these important provinces of Western Christendom the tradition of self-government was ironed out by the regime of absolute monarchy which was part of the price that the Western World paid for passing over from its medieval to its modern stage. The communities in the Western World in which self-government is indigenous today are a remnant of that larger medieval company: an England here and a Holland there which, by prowess or by luck, have survived the modern onslaught of absolute monarchy on medieval liberties. By so narrow a margin has the rare and precious gift for self-government survived—even in the Western World, which prides itself on being politically mature by comparison with other living civilizations. For mankind at large, political capacity is evidently an exceptional gift of the gods. But if the price of political ineptitude is the seizure, by criminals, of the governments of great states with their ever-increasing resources for "the revolution of destruction," what is the outlook for mankind? *"Place aux scélérats!"* If that were really the last winged word in man's quiver of political slogans, it would be a self-imposed death sentence on the human race. We cannot resign ourselves to so fearful and so stupid a fate. But how to avert it? An obvious first move is to read, if we can, the lesson of the latest incursion of criminal adventurers into the ill-guarded domain of politics and government.

In this quest we may find valuable and timely help in a book* from the hand of a young Oxford historian who saw active service in the war with Nazi Germany before he was commis-

*The Last Days of Hitler. By H. R. Trevor-Roper. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 254 pp. $3.

(Continued on page 33)

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CLOSING LINES OF RECENT NOVELS

Bruce Geary, of Staten Island, N. Y., offers the closing lines of best sellers of recent years. How many of them can you identify? Allowing five points for each title and five for each author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 22.

1. I bet that's him now. Jesusgod, what will I tell him? Hello darling.
2. And however superciliously the highbrows carp, we the public in our heart of hearts all like a success story; so perhaps my ending is not so unsatisfactory after all.
3. The Square was nothing but darkness. It was so dark that one could not even see the Arc de Triomphe.
4. But that will be a long time from now, and soon we shall go out of the house and go into the convulsion of the world, out of history and the awful responsibility of Time.
5. And some day I should like to see it published, as a blueprint of a way of life that was paying dividends in America in the first half of the twentieth century.
6. Yes, I shall come, thought Alfred, with deep surety. And some day I shan't go away again.
7. "A moment, only a moment, and I will be merged forever in the Lord with those whom I have loved. Why should I tarry? Into Your hands I render up my spirit, O my God."
8. Here they come.
9. He turned away. Before him now were only the helmeted head of the pilot and the faintly glowing dials of the instrument panel. The little plane bored westward through the night.
10. And again reaching for the ghost of her key, the former nurse unlocked a private door.

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World, Flesh, and Brass Hats

VESPERS IN VIENNA. By Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 280 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

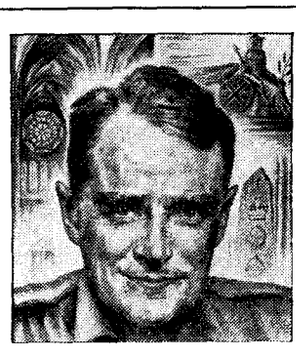
GOOD will suffers long—but also tingles with laughter, if it's Bruce Marshall's kind of good will. Like many Scots he is deeply split, between the grim and the mocking. I call it (just to myself of course) Orkney-cockney. That is, he can be both North-of-Scotland dour and East-of-London impish. He crosses all literary picket lines and flits from humble devotion to mischievous burlesque. Truth is most likely to be plotted as a component of zigzags. Any artist whose sense of the ridiculous is so sharp makes occasional mistakes; zigs when he should have zagged. A sense of what Kipling called The Sacredly Absurd is dangerous, and sometimes I do think Mr. Marshall goes right over the end of the pier. But I love him for it: the splash is wonderful.

Underneath its fluent comedy this story deals with tragic stuff. The scene is the world-beloved romantic city of Vienna, in the tangle of after-war. This is one of the first novels reflecting the fantastic problem of rehabilitation. It might have been called (remembering one of Marshall's previous divine comedies) "The World, the Flesh, and the Brass Hat." His spokesman this time is not the simple parish priest but an equally simple British colonel, one of the military government high command in Vienna (complete with in-basket of papers, and transport priority, and female lipstick-lieutenantry) to purge and pacify Austria. The counterweight is not a bishop but a brigadier, pathetic and helpless soul. They are part of an interallied "quadripartite" administration, under four flags. But it is British Brass that is the target of Mr. Marshall's genial mockery. The Russians are dealt with in a mood of suspended kindness; Americans and French are only suggested in brief chemical flares. The trumps are dealt to a troupe of Austrian nuns, in whose convent our British colonel is billeted. One has to be wary in saying that sometimes the author overplays either sentiment or scherzo, because after all he himself was a high officer in the Austrian job.

The gist of it, setting aside for the moment the good mortal mirth, is the hellish problem of attempting to deal with huge human disaster in an official spirit. It is a kind of pentagon, or pentagram problem (always a mystic symbol). Four sides are four presumptively allied governments, and the other is Holy Church. And the darkest tragedy suggested is that not only these poor brass hats but even Holy Church Itself can only proceed through in-basket, through red-tapes and channels and chains of command. The queerest thing about principalities and powers is that they can never cross channels. The Nazis couldn't cross the English Channel. The Allies couldn't cross the channels of their own organized routine. They went to hell, you might say, in an in-basket.

You will be amused by this book, of course; and we are needing amusement. But it would be a pity if you didn't see that it has the invisible export of tragedy. In his lovely nuns, in his fugitive *Volksdeutsch* dancer, in his sad-faced Russian colonel, Mr. Marshall smites us with brass knuckles. But underneath the stylized choreography are intent and bitter purpose; the universal sense of guilt and dismay. Mr. Marshall passes a kind of muddled miracle, as he loves to do; the accidental use of a full general's overcoat effects the infiltration of the Reverend Mother to Rome to interview her childhood friend the Pope. On her return she says, having picked up from the English what the English had picked up from the Americans, "Eugene wouldn't talk turkey."

Ever since "Father Malachy's Miracle" Bruce Marshall has been one of my private candidates for the Laughing Cavalier of fiction. He not only laughs but he rides the very high horse apocalypse. No fair comment can be made on his work without running into a thesis on Devotion. He knows how beautiful are the casual runes of human speech. The gorgeous vulgarisms of Sandhurst-Whitehall Brass Hat slang are mortally succulent. He makes us all pathetically mortal. Next after the British, desirable Audrey Quail (he does a mule-skinner's job on her) I commend two of his minor apparitions who only appear in damning



THE AUTHOR: As a small boy in Edinburgh Bruce Marshall demanded that his sister, their governess and maids worship at Episcopalian and Presbyterian services he conducted. As a seventeen-year-old St. Andrews University student, he became enamoured of the Church of Rome and a schoolmaster's daughter—the latter unrequitedly. Next year he joined the Royal Irish Fusiliers. His first novel, begun in front-line trenches and dispatched daily in five-page installments to an English friend, was, he admits now, "immature, semi-autobiographical bilge." Six months after the Armistice, a second lieutenant minus a leg lost November 5, 1918, he finished the tome. Told by publishers to "grow up," he tossed some port and his head, and resolved to continue writing. Just to assure a living, however, he became a Scottish Chartered Accountant. As such, he has discovered that the "arrogant stupidity" of Edinburgh's bourgeoise is paralleled in London, Rome, Paris, Vienna, Barcelona, and Brussels—but offers, on the whole, unparalleled source material for characters bearing no libelous resemblance to life. Between trial balances he suffered several more fictional flops, then hit his stride with "Father Malachy's Miracle," a literary and dramatic success, "The World, the Flesh and Father Smith," and "Yellow Tapers for Paris," culled from fourteen years in that city. On the eve of the German invasion, he returned to England to serve as Royal Pay Corps subaltern, intelligence captain, and lieutenant colonel in the Displaced Persons Division of the Allied Civil Commission for Austria. The last inspired "Vespers in Vienna." He's married, has one daughter—Sheila—whose worst subject in school is English composition. He's currently in Paris, plotting a new novel and a series of lectures for a tour here early in '48. Forty years ago he threw his sister downstairs. He's not sure he wouldn't do it again if he disagreed with her (or anyone else) sufficiently.

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instants: Captain Mousebiter of the USA and one Briton Gascoyne-Savoy whom we know only by telephone.

Poor Colonel Nicobar, the hero of this story, was ordered to study subversive activities in Austria. He was more subversive than any of them, because, ruddy simple soul, he kept trying to push up from way down under. In the final ironic pay-off he found himself promoted for having mucked everything up.

So Bruce Marshall is full of mockery, he succumbs sometimes to merely carnal or spiritual comedy, but he is never morbid or mean. He is one of my favorite lay priests because he relishes the farce and terror of man. He knows that religion is frequent, devotion rare. He never hesitates to be cruel in reminding us that cruelty is the only sin. Like his pathetic British colonel he "smells of trifle," which is a kind of rum-cake.

He smells strong of it, and he dances before the Lord.

Georgia Dilemma

THE LIGHTWOOD TREE. By Berry Fleming. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 378 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

LONG ago in Georgia, Berry Fleming tells us, the Reverend Mr. Wesley, shuddering a little, came face to face with the intelligent Indian's confusion between the doctrines of Christianity and the practices of the Christians. Like that old Indian then, Mr. Fleming in the same place in the 1940's contemplates the equally perplexing paradox of pretensions and performances in a free, self-governing American community. And as novelist he seems to me to write in terms of both the Indian's confusion and the secretly troubled state of the Reverend Mr. Wesley's soul.

He has undertaken, I think, a very difficult literary assignment in this new novel which tells a modern story against recurrent illuminating dramatic passages from the past. It is sometimes not easy to follow the several stories on various levels of time which he has to tell. All of them are vividly told. Each has its precise part in the story as a whole. The dramatic incidents of 1742, 1783, and 1863 show not only the development of modern Fredericksville, Georgia, but the parts played by individuals, in sharp distinction from the mass of the people, in the shaping of its traditions. It seemed to me, however, that Mr. Fleming's admiration for individuals and the generally unpleasant portrait he draws of "the people" as emotional and inert, selfish, stupid, and superstitious make confusing his story of sacrificial ardor for the people's liberties. Certainly the Georgia dilemma of Mr. Wesley and the Indian is not resolved.

In his modern story of George Cliatt, the high-school history teacher who was unwilling to be silent about the corruption of democracy at home while other men risked their lives for it in war abroad, Mr. Fleming has placed the problem at the understandable level of all our American towns today. Fredericksville, as here described, presents none of the uniquely evil aspects of tyranny associated with Georgia democracy. What happened to George Cliatt when he decided to speak up against misgovernment might have happened to any school teacher anywhere. But somehow in this earnest and honest story of our liberties and our citizenship in America, as Mr. Fleming has written it, the courageous individual does not emerge as dramatically superior to the emotional mass. Indeed —and I think unintentionally—the story of George Cliatt is not so much the story of the sacrificing hero who makes our traditions, as it is the tragi-comedy of the ineffectual educated man in our democracy today.

Mr. Fleming, I am sure, did not intend Professor Cliatt as a figure in satire of the informed citizen willing to speak for liberty regardless of sacrifices, but pitifully inept in the process. Cliatt is certainly not portrayed in any sharp terms of satire. Fleming has thrown an unworldly sweetness and dignity about him. He is as much a stranger to mass enjoyment of football as he is familiar with little significant items in the history of Fredericksville. His love affair with the young war widow, Allen Estes, who is weary of sacrifices, is told with warmth, affection, and charm. But if, as of course they are, courageous individuals are essential to the steady vigilance which is the price of liberty, George Cliatt's story indicates that such friends and leaders of the common man require not only courage, but common sense. And, unfortunately for the heroism of Mr. Fleming's hero, he seems more ludicrous than heroic when he tries at the last to turn a crowd intent upon the indulgence of religious superstition into a citizenship concerned about its political liberties. It seemed to me that he did well to lose nothing but his glasses and his job. That he got his girl also was a happy ending to his story entirely irrelevant to the story of democracy in Fredericksville.

Berry Fleming's "courageous individual does not emerge as dramatically superior to the emotional mass."

Undoubtedly, the American democracy as it exists in such cities as Fredericksville is a confusing and sometimes depressing spectacle. Petty graft and dangerous tyrannies do go on and often with the approval of cultivated and intelligent men, like Lawyer Ashby Utting in his elegant offices, who are more concerned with profits than people. The Public Service Corporation may be the effectual ruler, and popular government only a pretense in many such towns. Certainly Mr. Fleming's book indicates that such human faults are not new. The faults were there in 1863, in 1783, in 1742, when some men risked their lives for duty or for faith. The rich could wink at the law long ago. The fighters for liberty deserted in droves as soon as they had got the blankets and the rum. Georgians, whose sons were dying in Virginia, demanded gold instead of Confederate paper for their labor and their goods. And yet, as one of the brave defeated long ago believed, "new levies would rise—as sure as sap would rise in the gum tree—"

I think Berry Fleming is trying to say that again now for America and for Georgia. I know that in George Cliatt's rueful story he has succeeded in saying that in democracy both the leader and "the people" have something essential to each other, and that the dull mass of "the people" is no more ridiculous without adequate leadership than a courageous man without understanding contact with the people whom he would save and lead.

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Summer Bon-Bon

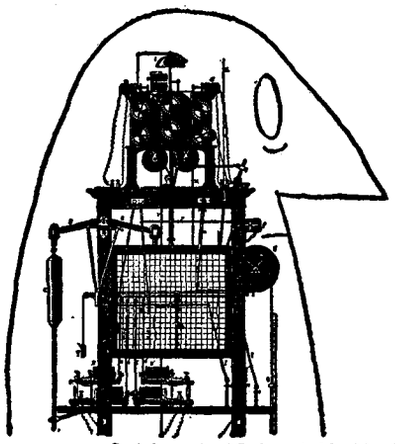
INFERNAL MACHINE. By A. Fleming MacLiesh and Robert de San Marzano. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HERMAN WOUK

DO NOT, as you are rolling over in your hammock while reading this one, spill your highball on it; it will melt to nothing like a ladyfinger. "Infernal Machine" is a slender fluffy confection: its ingredients are nine parts collegiate burlesque which is funny, to one part of story-stiffening, of which nothing complimentary can be said. Pigeonholing is unfair to works of art, real or attempted, but useful in summing up the virtues of a literary commodity like this book: and the fact is that the numerous readers who enjoy the zany performances of Max Shulman and H. Allen Smith may laugh away a few very pleasant hours over "Infernal Machine." Nobody else should undertake it, for it is a strictly contrived genre piece.

The authors start off with the farcical premise that a government typist's error, changing a cable which reads "NO VAST OIL RESOURCES DISCOVERED" to "VAST OIL RESOURCES DISCOVERED," can start a billion-dollar wartime geological project in the heart of a Central American jungle. There is no doubt that events as bizarre as that took place during the phantasmagoria we all lived through between 1939 and 1945, but Messrs. MacLiesh and de San Marzano are interested in other literary values than credibility, even in terms of farce, and they do not really try to make you believe their yarn. The popular "Mr. Adam," for instance, has a much more carefully laid foundation for an equally preposterous tale built on the same joke: solemn and huge governmental grinding of wheels around a laughable absurdity. "Infernal Machine" speeds into a dizzy series of episodes involving the familiar and everlastingly funny business of forms in triplicate, wrong offices, surly clerks, massive movements of people and materials to no purpose, individuals being sent off in wrong directions to wrong duties, and so forth. The slapstick stabilizes itself here and there around the figure of Princess Sybil Miletus, a rich American glamor girl who somehow discovers her soul, resolves to be a real human being, and drapes herself at the finish around the lean drawn neck of Gregory Peck, though he is called Corporal Kirkpatrick in the story. This part of the book seems unintentionally silly, but there is very little of it except for a long, terrible chapter at the end about a sort of Beaux Arts ball at Madison Square Garden; it will not particularly spoil the fun of readers who are otherwise amused, but don't say *The Saturday Review* didn't warn you.

The funniest parts of the book are interpolated excerpts from newspapers and magazines, somewhat in the manner of John Dos Passos's camera-eye device; here are some right comical parodies of contemporary columnists and journals. The quality of the parodies may be indicated by the names used: Eastbrook Medler, Wilbur Hippman, Arthur Crockery, and A. Peers Grewsom. There are some bitterly witty illustrations by Steinberg.



—Steinberg in "Infernal Machine."

So, this review leaves you where it found you, in a hammock with a highball; and, depending on your taste in these matters, "Infernal Machine" may add a pleasant touch to your already delightful circumstances.

Herman Wouk is the author of "Aurora Dawn."

Victorian Triptych

THE LEDGER OF LYING DOG. By William George Weekley. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 108 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

WHEN, Victorian-manned and Victorian - commissioned, the old three-decker novel set sail, you were sure to find on its ample decks a variety of characters, stock if you will, but contrasting, and you were certain that the stout ship, though it might sail the seven seas, beat off pirates, lose a good part of its crew, its gear, and its purpose, would nevertheless end up in a safe port with a sound of wedding bells echoing over the shimmering harbor. Your mere Stevenson romance was nothing in comparison — a slight dinghy, a cat-boat, a shorebound private yacht fit only for an inside passage around Scotland or a tidy treasure island.

Mr. Weekley has revived the three-decker adventure story of the mid-nineteenth century. He has not only revived it in scope, size, and structure, but, more astonishing still, he has recovered its language, its morality, its naïve and yet comfortable narrative mode! For "The Ledger of Lying Dog" is a triptych of the best nineteenth-century carpentering. In panel one we see our Hero, cast out by his Anne Evans, shipwrecked on a Pacific island with one faithful companion, soon to be killed, the widow of his captain, who turns out to be a barmaid and who is Murdered; and a desperate crew of three sailormen and a native cook. Things get pretty aw-

"Starry Night"

(Van Gogh)

By Robert Resor

THE stars melt on a cobalt sky
Like butter on a burning plate;
Space lies upon the streaming hills
In layers of leaves that sibilate.

Comets whirl in howling rings
Pierced by a flaming cypress-tree.
Time leans, a crescent chartreuse moon:
He sings and sings:
He sings of me.

In cypress-trees dark starlings whimper
At the auroral cannonade
Ominous beyond the twilight.
I hide behind a rustling shade
And stop my ears against the bright
Roaring of the Starry Night.

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ful. In panel two our lone hero, departing from the Wicked Ones, sets up housekeeping for himself (concealed) in a lonely part of the island, gradually arms himself, discovers a second and completely equipped island, masters the shipping (two boats) of a whole archipelago, and when all but one of the Wicked are dead, brings himself to forgive the survivor, makes him his partner and—what do you think?—panel three—ships to Australia with him, where they win a fortune in the gold mines at Ballarat and other places and where, giving up his Sunday-school love, Anne Evans, he woos and wins the Maiden of the Picture discovered in the abandoned house on Island Number Two. Here, if you are looking for action, is God's plenty.

As a matter of fact I had a swell time reading the book. I thought of Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins. It made me think of the improbable diaries the heroes of these two great spinners of yarns were always keeping (our hero does one in shorthand on all occasions). The Moralizing is in the best Victorian manner; and the slow progress of the Hero from being a prig to being a man's man in Australia won my heart. The scoundrels were sufficiently scoundrelly, and the plot so satisfactorily rich I don't quite understand it in retrospect.

Except at the end. Our Hero and his Bride sail back to the lost Atlantides of the novel, and there Disappear. Did the heroine fall into the sea off a slippery wharf? Were they driven off to sea by the ghosts of Murdered Men? I dunno. Mr. Weekley doesn't want me to know. But I haven't ended a novel on this delightful cadence for months and years. I don't know who Mr. Weekley may be, but that rolling noise is Charles Reade turning over in his grave in a combination of envy and delight.

Ghosts of Ludwig Bemelmans's "Hotel Splendide" are still haunting him.

From Rapier to Club

DIRTY EDDIE. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 240 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

UP TO the present moment Ludwig Bemelmans has been rated as a somewhat illusive and certainly an inimitable humorist. He had mastered the sly understatement as a weapon. "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," written three years ago, revealed him as a dawning satirist, for he took as his theme the refugees who had escaped from Europe to America with their bankrolls intact and who could be seen luxuriating in our best hotel suites and restaurants. You could trace in that book his underlying bitterness, though it was cushioned by the overflow from his many articles in *The New Yorker*, in which he described from his own experience the fantastic life of busboys, waiters, and managers of our great luxury hotels. In his new book, "Dirty Eddie," there is not the slightest trace of the maitre d'hotel's suave manners; it is almost straight satire. Mr. Bemelmans has exchanged his rapier for a club.

It is impossible for an acute observer with a nose for the incredible or the monstrous in human character to write of Hollywood without some humor, and Mr. Bemelmans's sense for the ludicrous has not deserted him in this novel, though it reveals a concentrated hatred of as odious a gallery of rogues, charlatans, inflated egoists, and pompous half-wits as has emerged from the contact of a writer with the motion picture capital of America for a good many years. There are only two characters in "Dirty Eddie" with whom any reasonable man or woman would care to associate for very long, and one of them is a young pig. The other is an honest girl who has been "discovered" by an inspired and eccentric producer running an elevator in what is presumably the Waldorf-Astoria. She had been kind enough to put his fat body to bed every night when he came home stupified from El Morocco or some other New York imitation of a Hollywood nightclub. The story is about why lovely Belinda married Maurice Cassard, a dissipated movie writer and how Dirty Eddie, the pig, got into a movie Vashvily had dreamed up, called "Will You Marry Me?"

The reader is asked to believe that two writers at $3,000 a week could be engaged for a several-million-dollar production, without either of them knowing anything about the original script for three months, that the producer could be fooled by them through several story conferences, that the entire plot and scheme of the story could suddenly be translated from Paris to Chicago, the ending altered by the introduction of a small pig, and finally that only after weeks of "shooting" it could be discovered that time and millions had been wasted because Dirty Eddie had been photographed backward, that is, the last scenes had been photographed first so that in the final scene when the lovers clasp in a gigantic reproduction of the La Salle Station, the pig is only half as big as when he was first introduced.

You are not, of course, expected to take these incredible happenings literally, but you are expected to believe that something like this madhouse frenzy lies behind the production of pictures that sixty-five million Americans are supposed to look at every week. It is due to Mr. Bemelmans's talent for making the bizarre credible that you do believe it. In fact, you believe it so thoroughly that your early laugh becomes a tight grin and your grin turns into a grimace. In the long succession of Hollywood novels this is perhaps the most forceful. Mr. Bemelmans has been able to treat the sorriest of his characters with some tenderness, to clothe their obscenities and venalities with pathos, though why one should be sorry for a producer who makes a million a year, a writer who refuses to read the plot he is paid thousands a week to recreate, or the producer who lives on women's flesh and flashes of dubious inspiration, it is difficult to say.

Rated as a novel, even an intentionally humorous-satirical novel, it is obvious that Mr. Bemelmans has not been entirely successful. It goes from one scene to the next by fits and starts; the order of the chapters could be changed without damage to the whole in many sections. It is also obvious that the ghosts of all those four- or five-thousand word articles he once wrote about the Hotel Splendide for *The New Yorker* are still haunting him. Mr. Bemelmans's mind has long been attuned to the subtleties of the subterranean world of the backstairs and the scullery. Here he has transferred his knowledge to a more noisesome sphere than any hotel's sordid kitchen.

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—"The Islands of Scotland."

Scotch Idyll

FRIENDS AND LOVERS. By Helen MacInnes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 367 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

THOSE lovers whom all the world traditionally loves are most engagingly portrayed in this new novel, which is also a new departure for Helen MacInnes. While her previous, and highly successful, books have been tales of action and suspense, beginning with "Above Suspicion" in 1940, this is a love story, pure and simple. For those of us who, inveterate readers of fiction, are just beginning to wonder whether we shall ever again have anything but dipsomaniac, psychologically crippled, or at least mentally disturbed heroes and heroines, this is a pleasant change.

It was during a chance meeting, on a summer's afternoon, and later during an idyllic hour watching the seals at play in the cold sea, that Penelope Lorrimer and David Bosworth fell in love. David was a brilliant student at Oxford, with a future assured in any one of various fields. Penelope was the daughter of conventional, well-established Scotch parents, more adult than her rather foolish mother was willing to admit. Pretty and gay, Penny had a determined ability and tenacity of purpose when the need arose. The love which began on the romantic island off the West Highlands of Scotland, and was nourished by letters which grew imperceptibly more and more tender, becomes deeper during the winter when Penny studies at the Slade in London and David is completing his last year at Oxford. But there were obstacles, in David's case financial obligations which he was too conscientious to neglect, in Penny's case disapproving parents. Before this charming, fresh, and very unpretentious love story comes to its happy ending we have watched a deep and appealing relationship established, an earnest of a happy marriage.

Seldom have two more likable young people been written about; they are just what one would like as a son or daughter; or indeed as a son- or daughter-in-law. Serious as only youth is serious, clear-eyed, courageous, each with so much to share, so much to give—their love, their need of and comfort for each other are deftly developed with warmth, tenderness, and restraint.

In an indirect way this is also a novel of youth in revolt (and a subtle warning to parents); it is not youth in headlong and irresponsible conflict, but longing to make its own choices, according to its own standards and ideals.

As the book closes, Miss MacInnes sounds one small note of affectionate irony. "That's over, thank God," says David, "We've got married and there's nothing left to worry about." This may be lost on the wholeheartedly sentimental or the very young, but to older readers it will bring a rueful smile. Like Penelope's delightful, scholarly grandfather, we find ourselves wishing that we could see what the young couple make of their life together, and we realize that by this thought our confidence in them is expressed. It is a confidence created by the most artful and persuasive writing.

Levitation

MR. THURTLE'S TROLLEY. By Theodore Pratt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 214 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by RUSSELL MALONEY

INTO the 214 pages of "Mr. Thurtle's Trolley," Theodore Pratt has crammed more whimsy than you would believe possible. Mr. Thurtle is a little, middle-aged man who works as a conductor on a suburban streetcar line and who, along with Mr. Winch, his conductor, becomes the victim of technological unemployment. A bus line replaces the trolley, the two men are pensioned off, and the old trolley, a present from the company, is put in the yard beside their house. Then Mr. Thurtle discovers he can, through prayer, levitate the car —make it float through the air.

"What next?" is merely a rhetorical question. Anybody who reads lending-library fiction could supply the answer. "Mr. Thurtle's Trolley" fits neatly into a familiar category; it is a story about A Little Man Who Discovers He Can. Whether it is Father Malachy discovering he can move a dance hall, or Elwood P. Dowd discovering that he can see and converse with an otherwise invisible rabbit, the procedure of the author is the same; he milks the situation for what laughs he thinks he can get, then winds up his story with some mystic double-talk about the miracle being a manifestation of simple faith or goodness or both.

Mr. Pratt's comic situation has Mr. Thurtle and Mr. Winch and Mr. Winch's wife making a cross-country tour in the old trolley car, miraculously skipping from one track to another. He pulls a switcheroo, as the radio writers say, on the simple-faith explanation; it seems that what enabled Mr. Thurtle to levitate the trolley car was *lack* of faith.

Fantasy is a form of writing beloved by stylists, and Mr. Pratt is a stylist; his style is that of a man who has determined that, come hell or high water, he will get two thousand words written before lunch. Here is a typical sentence from "Mr. Thurtle's Trolley": "Mr. Winch's salary had not been such as to mean much in the line of savings." A writer in the habit of going back again and again to his manuscript, polishing and rephrasing and eternally seeking the right words to convey his exact meaning, might very likely develop some doubts about such a sentence; very likely, indeed. A book composed of similarly constructed sentences is imperfect communication, and no entertainment at all.

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The New Emphasis

EXPLORATIONS. By L. C. Knights. New York: George W. Stewart. 1947. 219 pp. $3.

Reviewed by THEODORE SPENCER

MR. KNIGHTS's collection of eleven critical essays, most of them reprinted from the English periodical *Scrutiny*, are chiefly concerned with Shakespeare and the literature of the seventeenth century; in addition there is one on Henry James, there is one on Yeats, and one on the teaching of English and history. It is an excellent thing to have the essays collected in book form, for Mr. Knights's criticism has been among the most intelligent written in England during the past fifteen years; his mind is penetrating and original, his style is lucid, and his references illuminating.

His attitude toward Shakespeare and Shakespearean criticism is summed up in the following sentences:

> The true Shakespeare critic will be concerned to make himself, as far as possible, a contemporary of Shakespeare's. . . . But, more important, he will also be concerned to make Shakespeare a contemporary, to see his particular relevance for our time. His essential qualification, then, is a lively interest in the present and the immediate future of poetry, an ability to make first-hand judgment here, coupled, I would add, with an understanding of the extra-literary implications of poetry—its relations to "the general situation"—*at present.*

When Mr. Knights studies Shakespeare's sonnets from this point of view the result is admirable; his essay on this subject is one of the best available. His views on Hamlet are also striking and stimulating, and much of his adverse comment on recent Shakespearean writing is entirely just.

His longest essay (already well known in pamphlet form) "How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?" does not, however, seem as fresh and sound a corrective on a rereading as it did when it first appeared fourteen years ago. It is an attack on the type of Shakespearean criticism which emphasizes above everything else Shakespeare's creation of character. Mr. Knights discusses the origin of this emphasis in the eighteenth century, its proliferation during the nineteenth century, and its residuum in the work of A. C. Bradley. Quite rightly he points out how this tradition has gone astray in thinking of Shakespeare's characters as creatures with lives independent of the dramatic structure for which they were created, and he quite rightly shows the foolishness of inquiries into Lady Macbeth's fertility or of speculating about Falstaff's pension. Instead of wasting our time on such irrelevancies Mr. Knights urges the critic of Shakespeare to concentrate on Shakespeare's poetry, and to realize that his greatness, his "roundness and integrity," spring from his use of words, "words which have a 'network of tentacular roots, reaching down to the deepest terrors and desires'."

This is a healthy corrective; it is, I suppose, what Mr. Knight's publishers mean when they speak of his book as an example of the "new criticism"; but it is essentially guilty of the same fault it sets out to correct; it represents a lack of proportion, a singling out of one element in Shakespeare's work as being more essential to our full understanding than any of the others. It even leads the reader to question whether the nineteenth-century emphasis on Shakespeare as a creator of character was not a more generous, a more moral, a more vital emphasis, in spite of its frequent exaggerations, than the "new" emphasis on Shakespeare as primarily a master of language. We need, of course, to read Shakespeare as closely and fully as possible, to understand how his words, as he developed, became the increasingly more sensitive and subtle medium for increasingly complex and profound awarenesses, but to make the words more important than anything else is to miss the full comprehension—of structure, of character, of tone, of implication—which criticism of any great master must aim for. Mr. Knights, of course, is too good a critic not to know this, but he doesn't always bring it out, and the chief weakness in some of his essays is that he tends to stop short of presenting the full view of which his perceptive insight has given us such frequently illuminating glimpses.

But in spite of this weakness, the reader feels that Mr. Knights, like any good critic, writes from a definite point of view, exacting from the writers and the works he discusses an approximation to a high standard of adult self-knowledge, of full complex consciousness, its responsibilities consciously, triumphantly borne. That is why he is able to write so well of Hamlet: "What Hamlet's wit, his cruelty, and his self-consciousness have in common is a quality of moral relaxation which more or less subtly distorts the values for which he professes to stand." That is why he is able to describe so effectively the dreary limitations of Restoration Comedy, and interpret so well the poetry of George Herbert.

Theodore Spencer, Boylston professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard, is also well known as a poet.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 217

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 217 will be found in the next issue.

PQ RSTUV RW P XPYZA

YAPY XPQYW ONYA APQSW

— PW MWUTUWW RL RY

KNUW PW RL RY WYPQSW.

XRTTRPH ZNXGUV —

VUYRVUHUQY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 216

The observance of the law is the greatest solvent of public ills.
CALVIN COOLIDGE

My Current Reading

SRL has asked a number of well-known public figures to report on their current reading—books they have just read, are reading now, or plan to read shortly. The present list comes from **Felix Frankfurter,** Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

"The Lincoln Reader," by Paul M. Angle
"Essays," by Walter Bagehot
"Recording Britain," Vol. I (Oxford Press)
"On Judging Books," by Francis Hackett
"Einstein, His Life and Times," by Philipp Frank
"Essays in Biography," by John Maynard Keynes
"The United States and the Near East," by E. A. Speiser
"The Last Days of Hitler," by H. R. Trevor-Roper
"Wilson: The Road to the White House," by Arthur S. Link

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First Half of History

THE INTELLECTUAL ADVENTURE OF ANCIENT MAN: AN ESSAY ON SPECULATIVE THOUGHT IN THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST. By H. & H. A. Frankfort, John A. Wilson, Thorkild Jacobsen, and William A. Irwin. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1947. 401 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by E. A. SPEISER

IN THE slow and measured evolution of civilization perhaps no single step was as fateful as man's discovery of writing. For that one move—itself the result of centuries of progress on a broad scale—did more than give men the means to preserve his spiritual and intellectual gains. It also forced him to hold up a mirror to his conscience forever after. The idea of time took on an entirely new meaning, and human memory was extended indefinitely. In short, written history began. All this took place some five thousand years ago. The Near East provided the stage, having earned the right to that distinction by centuries of concerted prior effort. And for the next twenty-odd centuries, or about one-half of man's total recorded history, the Near East had that stage practically all to itself.

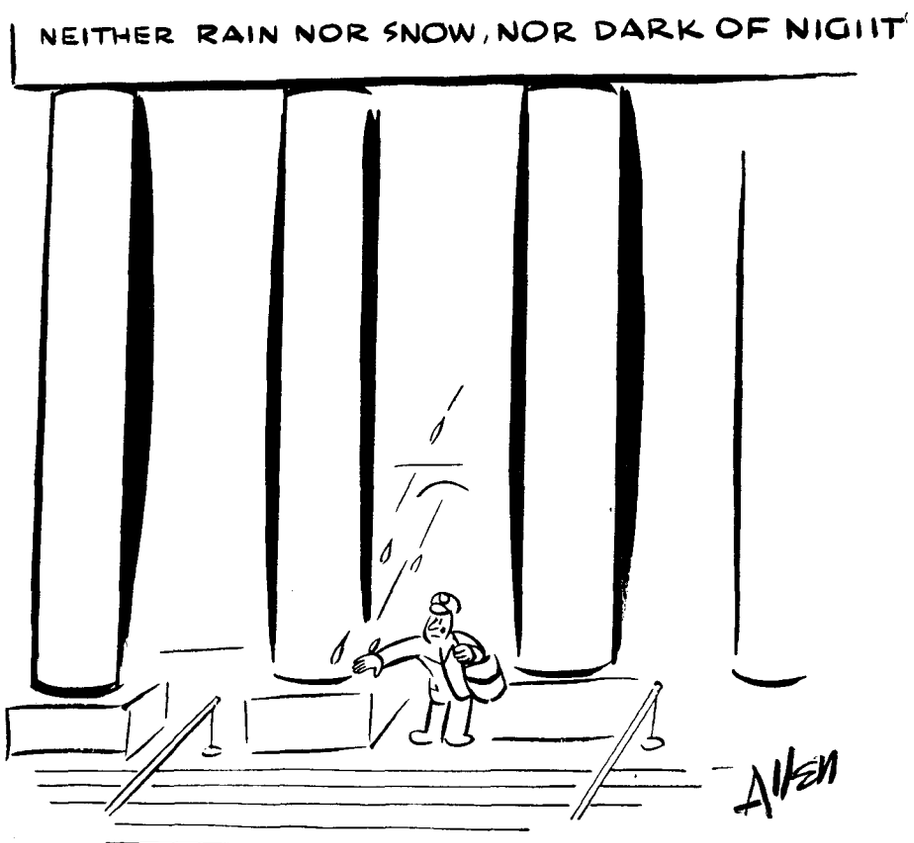
Modern civilization has little knowledge of the enormous debt which it owes the pioneers of the ancient Near East. We render unto Caesar far more than Caesar would have claimed for himself, and by paying lip service to the classics we seek credit for having penetrated to the limits of the meaningful past. The University of Chicago's list of books of enduring value is a case in point. The formative half of our adventure in civilization is covered there by a few chapters from the Bible. Chancellor Hutchins's group may contend that there was nothing else to offer. Yet a solution of the problem, if desired, could have been found right at home, in the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. To be sure, the present volume—a joint effort of several members of that institute—limits itself to the fascinating question of speculative thought in the ancient Near East. But is not this question a leading theme in the broad pattern of man's intellectual progress?

Professor and Mrs. Frankfort, in an introductory chapter, give the discussion the requisite setting by stressing the subjective and dramatic elements in the individual's striving for integration in early, though by no means primitive, society. Professor Wilson then throws a searching spotlight on Egypt, and the same procedure is followed by his two colleagues, Jacobsen on Mesopotamia and Irwin on the Hebrews. Of these three localized inquiries, that on Mesopotamia will probably prove to be the most stimulating to the greatest number of readers; not because the other two writers have presented their stories less skilfully but rather because the sources concerning Egypt, and especially the evidence relative to the Old Testament, are on the whole more familiar and less recent than the latest Mesopotamian material. The book concludes with a final evaluation by the Frankforts.

It is much too soon to estimate at this time how close the authors have come to giving the reader a true picture of what was uppermost in the minds of those who together succeeded in founding and sustaining three dynamic cultures on which Western civilization came to be based. One may wonder whether the repetition of the same New Year cult drama or the unvarying affirmation about this or that in the universe, century after century, did not ultimately come to lag behind actual experience. Similarly, our poets can still be lyrical about sunsets and sunrises although they know from their elementary textbooks that the sun does not behave that way. Conceivably then, the traditional phraseology of your ancient Mesopotamian or Egyptian may have been more conservative than his thinking. We know that thought, especially in the sphere of religion, was not changeless among the Hebrews, and the book before us offers ample evidence of intellectual vitality in the other areas of the ancient Near East. The authors are content to raise these and similar problems, often by implication, without pressing their own solutions in each given instance. This restraint only serves to enhance the value as well as the challenge of the work as a whole.

The little that could be said in this space about the contents of the book may be enough to indicate that the title "The Intellectual Adventure of Ancient Man" does not express fully and correctly the subject of the book. In all probability, the authors had to submit in this respect to the judgment of the promotion department. It does not take much sleuthing to conclude that the more modest subtitle "An Essay on Speculative Thought in the Ancient Near East" was the writers' original designation. But if the main title is too sweeping when applied to ancient man in general, it can become peculiarly suggestive when adjusted so as to mean the modern reader. For close acquaintance with the substance of the book should prove to be a genuine intellectual adventure and a welcome change at a time when sound perspective is so difficult to come by.

E. A. Speiser, archeologist, is the author of "The United States and the Near East."



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Argentine Pretender

REVOLUTION BEFORE BREAKFAST: ARGENTINA 1941-1946. By Ruth and Leonard Greenup. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1947. 266 pp. $4.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

MORE news has been printed and more books published during this decade on Argentina than on any other Latin-American country. Every economic and political aspect of Perón's nation has been treated by competent observers. But few, if any, have produced such a happy combination of serious reporting and political analysis, relieved by somewhat scandalous, though good-natured and very illuminating gossip, as Ruth and Leonard Greenup, husband and wife. As is usually—though not always—the case, the more serious chapters were written by him, while the more chatty and amusing section about Argentine social customs, home life, marriage, and so on was written by her.

Both were reporters on Buenos Aires English-language newspapers from 1941 through most of 1945. In addition to their newspaper assignments, they had plenty of opportunity to observe the daily life of average Argentinians, listen to their opinions, and live their life through one of the most exciting political periods of the country in this century.

The book presents information not published before in the United States, despite the miles of columns in our press about the conflict of the U. S. State Department with the Argentine Government. There are illuminating and fresh details about Perón and the clever technique he used to come to power. Though the behavior of the authorities on balloting day was generally conceded to have been perfectly legal, Leonard Greenup describes the violence, intimidation, and terror used before the elections to prevent propaganda for candidates opposed to Perón.

That the presidents who preceded Perón after the coup engineered by him almost anonymously were only his puppets is illustrated by a characteristic anecdote in Ruth Greenup's section. President Farrell lost his handkerchief while attending a big parade, and an officer tried to give him another. Farrell, however, insisted that he wanted his own, remarking wistfully, "After all, that's the only thing Perón will let me stick my nose into any more."

Another anecdote tells of Farrell's receiving from an admirer a beautiful volume of "Hamlet." When the President asked who wrote it, he was told, "Shakespeare."

"Then please send him a card of congratulation."

"But Shakespeare is dead," Farrell was told.

"Then send the card to his family."

Though Perón's fanatical followers were shouting in the streets, after the deaths of Mussolini and Hitler, "*Viva Mussolini, Viva Hitler, Viva Perón, Muerte a los Judios,*" Perón never publicly expressed these opinions but helped to foster the legend that he was Argentina's Franklin D. Roosevelt. What is more grotesque is that his wife, the pretty ex-actress, Evita —who became Argentina's first lady after an interesting past only when the regularization of her affair with Perón became imperative in view of the forthcoming presidential elections —is being presented to the people as a second Eleanor Roosevelt.

Leonard Greenup sums up in a few words the attitude of the Argentine people toward Perón. Some hate him as a rabble-rouser and dangerous fraud, and others admire him with a feeling almost of worship. To some he is Satan himself, to others the saint who leads Argentina to power, wealth, and a new social order:

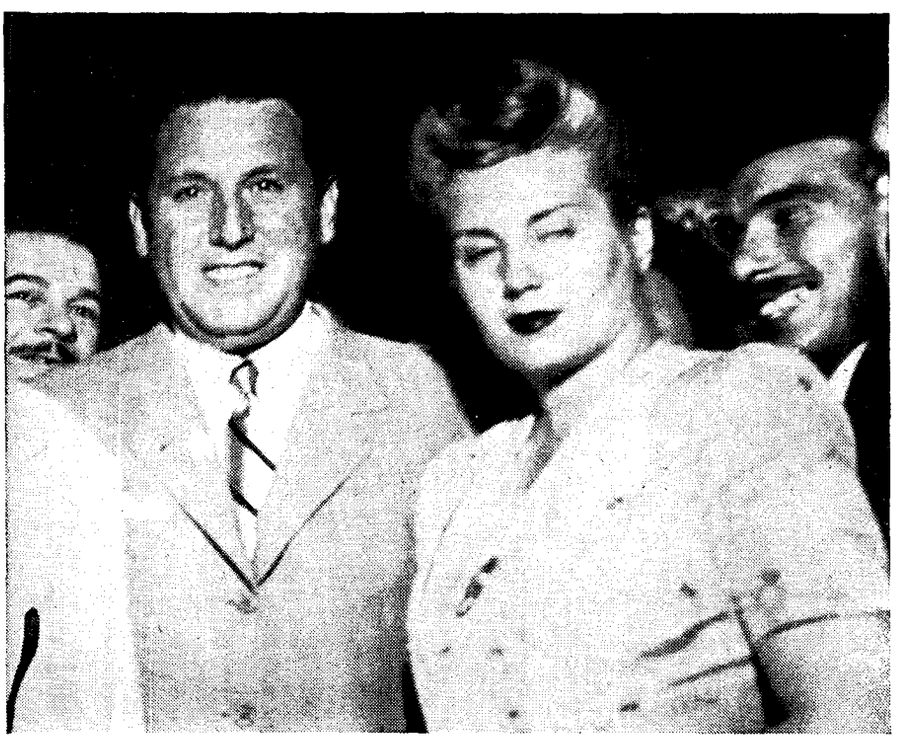
> In general the rich fear that he will take away their wealth and traditional political power (he has already defeated them decisively in the political field) while the poor see in Perón the Messiah to raise their standard of living beyond their wildest dreams.

He ascribes Perón's success to his great sex-appeal, and tells of women who, during Perón's speech in Rosario's huge square, fainted by the dozens, recalling the hysterical scenes enacted by some women in New York after the death of Valentino. When Perón, before his election, was accused of spending too much time with all kinds of women, he answered: "What do they expect me to do—to go with men?"

Mrs. Greenup tells such amusing, though questionable stories as the one that Buenos Aires was until recently the only place in the civilized world where a pretty woman "could measure her popularity by the number and blackness of the bruises on her dainty behind," received on the streets from the gallant *caballeros* who thus used to express their admiration. She admits, however, that most of these bruises have faded away, because a succession of hostile, pious governments have conspired against such charming customs.

Though this book will have greater appeal for many readers than weightier volumes on Argentina, it will give them nevertheless a good general picture of the country's people and politics.

Stephen Naft, former Latin-American news agency editor, headed the Office of Inter-American Affairs research department.



—*Press Association.*

Perón and Evita, who "is being presented to the people as a second Eleanor Roosevelt."

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Middle Class Folk Hero

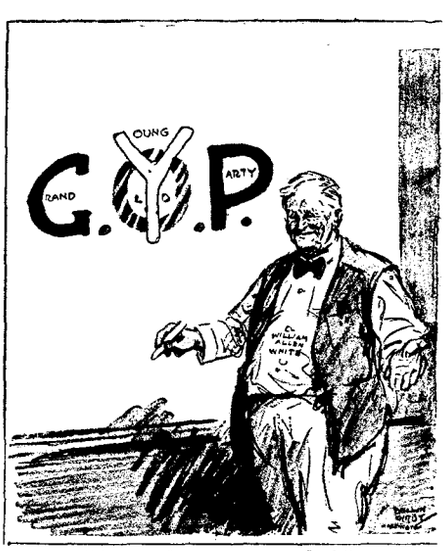
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S AMERICA. By Walter Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 621 pp. $5.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

AT THE time of his death William Allen White was close to being a folk hero. The middle class has not been lavishly endowed with such figures. The men of great wealth—a Vanderbilt, a Morgan—may have changed the American psyche but they hardly touched the American heart.

For this if for nothing else White's career would be worth close attention. But there are other reasons too, as Walter Johnson's excellent and notable biography of "a man and a period" shows us. The Kansas editor's career extended over a crucial part of our recent domestic history—the transformation of an agrarian and provincial nation into an urban and industrial world power. White's activities—as a country editor from Emporia, an aspiring novelist and publicist, a local and national political figure, and then a sage, prophet, and grand interpreter of American life—took him right into the center of this change, when it happened.

"William Allen White's America" is also a social history of the Kansas Bible Belt from the time of John Brown to that of Gerald B. Winrod. It is a survey of the press in America from the *Emporia Gazette*, which White started with $1.50 working capital, to the chains of such lords of creation as Munsey and Hearst. It is a record of American politics during this period in both the Republican and Democratic parties. It is almost a blow-by-blow account of each decade of our twentieth-century history from the epoch of Free Silver to that of the New Deal.



"An unfortunate symbol."
—*Kollin Kirby, New York World-Telegram, March 28, 1935.*

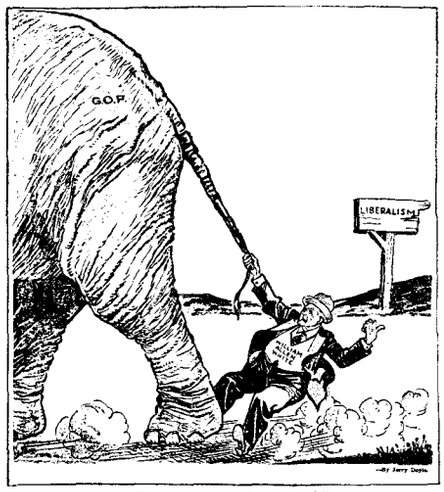
For good measure, Mr. Johnson's big book includes some acute accounts of such historical movements as Populism, Prohibition, the Bull Moose insurgents, Wilson's New Freedom, and the League of Nations, with all of which William Allen White was involved. There are portraits of such figures as Bryan, Teddy Roosevelt, Harding, Coolidge, and F.D.R., all of whom Bill White knew. In its own way, "William Allen White's America" is an "Only Yesterday" for the opening of the American century or a "Middletown" of the new national spirit.

You might say that Mr. Johnson is reticent about only one thing: William Allen White himself. The record of White's family relationships and more intimate friendships is perhaps necessarily scanty in a volume such as this. But the account of White's unofficial emotions—what he said to his friends as against what he said to the public, and what he said to himself as against what he said to his friends—is less satisfactory. For there is no doubt that Bill White led a double life of the spirit. There must have been some things he refused even to say to himself.

But he said enough in his "Autobiography," and even in Mr. Johnson's less personal account, to suggest the rest. "I never lie to you about politics," the later White wrote to a close friend, "so I am willing to admit that I am heartbroken about politics." During Harding's campaign White admitted, "I am so low in my mind that I wouldn't laugh at Charles Chaplin throwing a whole custard pie at Cox or Harding or both." In the middle twenties, as Mr. Johnson tells us, White poured forth his misgivings and fears about a nation gone "money-mad, isolationist, and supernationalistic."

"What a God damned world this is!" White wrote to Ray Stannard Baker. "What a God damned world! . . . If anyone had told me ten years ago that our country would be what it is today, I should have questioned his reason."

As a matter of fact, the Populists and other Western radicals had told White what was happening to his country, back as early as the 1890's. But the young Bill White, smart, ambitious, called them quacks, fanatics, and misbegotten failures. It was only in 1910, as Mr. Johnson shows, that White admitted "the great combat of the twentieth century is



"This way, Jumbo!"
—*Jerry Doyle, Philadelphia Record, April 5, 1935.*

to be the combat between democracy and capital." "We will see who owns the Republican party," White added, "the people or the corporations"—and he did. By 1925 he commented that the country was in the black tunnel of reaction, and the manufacturers' associations and their kith and kin were in power. "Ten years ago they would be laughed at; twenty years ago thrown out on their tin ear."

Yet White would never quite admit that George Perkins, the Morgan partner in the Bull Moose party, should also be thrown out on his ear. White was a Teddy Roosevelt man. He was also a Hoover man. "I was torn, as I often am in politics," White observed in the "Autobiography," between the desire to jump in the fiery furnace as a martyr, and the instinct to save my hide and go along the broad way that leadeth to destruction. In the end I toddled along."

For William Allen White was caught up in the conflict between his desire for influence and his belief in his own ideas almost as much at the end of his career as at the start. Yet it was only when White was not being practical and shrewd, as Mr. Johnson observes, that he attained real stature. Perhaps this is the revenge the middle class takes upon its prodigal sons, and why, for all of White's warmth and humanity, he remains a folk hero of the middle class.

At any rate it is interesting to notice how such out and out Western rebels as Norris, LaFollette, and even Borah (the early Borah), background portraits as they are in the complex and dramatic scene of "William Allen White's America," somehow overshadow White himself. As for Mr. Johnson's book, I hope I have indicated that it is a valuable and illuminating job in several areas.

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The New Coast of Bohemia

A GOOD deal of time was spent, or perhaps wasted, by literary soothsayers during the war years in guessing in what direction our creative writers would turn when they had time to settle down and let the sap rise from the unconscious to the conscious and productive mind. This crystal gazing was almost entirely devoted to writers already accepted and successful and to the young men and women who presumably would soon be turning out publishable and profitable novels and stories that would somehow turn out to be strangely different. Nearly everyone neglected a vital margin of creative writing, the youthful dissidents and revolutionaries, sometimes called "the lunatic fringe."

We know what happened after the First World War. Greenwich Village became not only the tourist's hot spot of America, the publicized center of artistic license, and romantic sin, but the center toward which the youthful artists and writers were attracted. It satisfied their ultimate needs: it was cheap, it permitted the complete expression of one's ego, it provided free love and homemade gin. Summer colonies of writers and artists spread to Gloucester, Provincetown, and as far East as Maine, with their rainbow-colored shacks, their restaurants with guttering candles, and the eternal bowl of thick soup on the table. Small magazines sprang up hopefully to publish their poems, essays, and stories, and died of the poverty on which their contributors seemed to flourish. Most of our authors who were, in the next generation, to become famous had their fling at these poor writers' utopias, and left them promptly for cleaner and more spacious living when publishers' checks began to come in.

It was a time for high, if muddled thinking, for demolishing any sensible contemporary idea, or ridding any sentence that might parse of its essentials. Thousands of poems were written that to the mundane reader were bereft of any glimmer of coherence and prose as turgid and as meatless as the soup in "The Dirty Spoon," around the corner of fish-head alley. The gods to whom these sacrifices to common sense were dedicated were across the Atlantic, James Joyce, Lenine, or Dada.

There is now a new center of rebellion, for Bohemia has in the past year or two moved across the continent; its coast is now watered by the Pacific. Its chosen city is San Francisco; its colonies are stretched along Route I bordering the ocean, extending from the overshadowing mass of Big Sur Mountain, on which the prophet of the new disorder ascetically roosts, to Monterey and Carmel. There are the disorderly picturesque shacks, the lean living and high thinking, the young men and women in slacks and shorts, or as little as the laws of man permit. Here are writers who paint and painters and sculptors who write and girls from neighboring towns and cities who supply free companionship and stimulation, or indeed the cash to keep artists and writers alive while they choose to live outside the unholy bonds of our economic system. The old pattern is there; the reaction from a Second World War, the determination to achieve the same result, that all ideas that now seem to reasonable Americans to be good or intelligible should be attacked and demolished.

History never repeats itself. There is a difference between the East's Greenwich Village and California's new cultural colonies as wide as the nation. It is partly geographical, partly a change in temper over thirty years, and partly a cry for an authoritarian and faintly mystic source of light and inspiration; for a mountain, in fact, and a prophet on top of it. Mildred Edie Brady, economist and writer, has published the first account we have read of our new Bohemia in *Harper's* magazine. The mountain is the Big Sur, the prophet, she reports, is Henry Miller. The effort is no longer to make hash of written words, or to worship communism. Its philosophy is a combination of anarchism and certain sexual concepts related to psychoanalysis, plus "sex as the source of individual salvation in a collective world that's going to hell." It does not dismiss religion; it embraces it with fervor, but it is the religion that worships primarily the god of fertility. Love is the "ecstasy of the cosmos; the sexual sacrament is the ecstasy of worship." We have Miss Brady's word for it that the ultimate authority for this reversion to the ancient worship of sexual fertility is neither Jung nor Freud but Wilhelm Reich, whose "Function of the Orgasm," is the most widely read and frequently quoted contemporary writing in this group."

IN this year of our Lord 1947, there are several thousands of young artists, poets, and prose writers living in communion with the California sunshine, nourished on its fruits and cheap wines, their genius fed by affable and servile young women, who conceive that the patriarchal symbol of society, the center we have believed of the human cosmos, the family, must be done away with as the source of all evil. It is prodigious; it is exciting to speculate what our literature will be like in another twenty years if these sexual, anarchic, and "philosophical" ideas should nourish another Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, or Hemingway.

Henry Miller's part in these credos is simple to discover. This writer, of far greater reputation in France than in his own country, has suffered because his two books, "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn," written while he was in European exile, were unreasonably scatological. Unpublished here, they were bootlegged into America as was Joyce's "Ulysses." He has always been a martyr in his idolaters' minds, and it must be said that Mr. Miller has done nothing to remove the opinion that he is a genius who can expect nothing but contempt and more martyrdom from his countrymen. It may well be that he is one of the truly great writers of his time, as his admirers believe; it may be that the strain of willingly suffering indignities, plus an ego as large as all outdoors, will prevent the fulfillment of his genius. But there is Henry Miller on the top of Big Sur, the prophet and the visible proof of the idiocy of an insane world which refuses to recognize him! The hermit prophet, the mountain, a new bible, primitive sex worship, and total anarchy! Of these is Utopia now conceived. We must look forward to the progeny that Mr. Miller's "Cosmological Eye," and his other works, plus Dr. Reich's seemingly unnecessary idolatry of the orgasm, may produce in the future. In the meantime, let the young men sun their virile bodies and write their poetry and protesting prose.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

St. Paul and Women

SIR: In your article on St. Paul [*SRL* July 19] Miss Edith Hamilton writes:

> His fear and distrust of them (*i.e.* of women) was the bottom of his denunciation of marriage which the Church as a mere matter of common sense of course had to ignore.

St. Paul, of course did not denounce marriage. He is the teacher par excellence of the high dignity of Christian marriage; and he minced no words in denouncing those who did denounce it. To him the dignity of (Christian) marriage is so great that the only union he can compare it with is one which for him subsumed all (spiritual) value, the union of Christ with His Church.

> Let women be subject to their husbands as to the Lord: because the husband is the head of the wife *as Christ is the Head of the Church.* He is the Savior of His body. Therefor as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be subject to their husbands in all things. Husbands, love your wives as Christ also loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it that He might sanctify it.

Is it the word "subjection" which irks Miss Hamilton here? The context shows that the subjection spoken of is not one of the *least* disvaluing but quite other.

Elsewhere St. Paul denounces those who denounced marriage:

> Now the Spirit manifestly saith that in the last times some shall depart from the Faith, giving heed to spirits of error and doctrines of devils, forbidding to marry. . . .

To say that the Church has ignored St. Paul on marriage is very much as if one should say that the Supreme Court has ignored the Constitution; for to no other teacher is the Church more indebted for her moral and theologic teaching regarding marriage than she is to St. Paul.

G. R. GARRETT.

New York, N. Y.

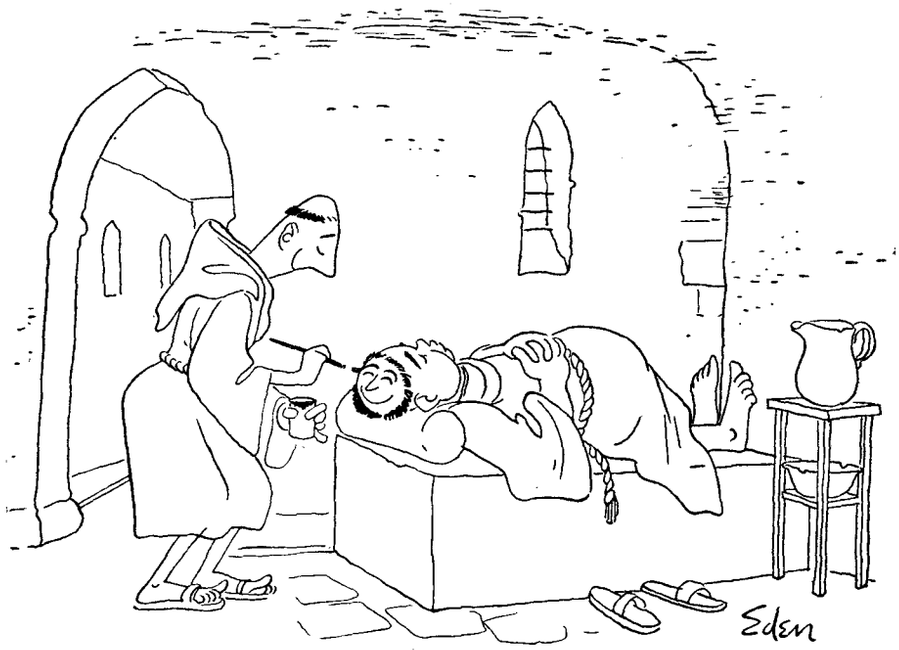
SIR: We of the Christian faith, and more especially we of the Christian ministry, were deeply impressed by your extended paper entitled "The First Persecutor." Edith Hamilton has here written what to my mind is the best modern insight into Paul the man and Paul the proponent of Christ's religion that I have seen.

I was impressed, as would be any who have wondered at the unholy discrimination in the churches against women, with this writer's analysis of Paul's failure to reconcile his evident misogynist bias and his assertion that in Christ there is "neither male nor female." This situation still persists throughout Christendom, with insignificant exception, to badger the churches and to make them anything but the leveling, the democratic agencies implied by the teaching that men and women, slave and free men, foreigner and home body, are all as one before the great All-Father.

If and when the churches throw off this grotesque and unwarranted, this costly discrimination as between the sexes, and as between men and groups and races everywhere, Christianity will demonstrate its essential equalness and perform tremendous service to humanity, through the equal collaboration of men and women in the cause of true progress. You have put us definitely in your debt by publishing a treatise such as this in your estimable journal.

(REV.) THOMAS F. OPIE, D. D.

Great Barrington, Mass.



Eagles and Ostriches

SIR: It is pleasant to urge the U. S. eagle to take up screaming, but world trouble today (I regularly check through most of the 600 overseas publications delivered monthly to Chicago's Library of International Relations) seems to be that our fine eagle has been doing just exactly that too loudly and for too long. As Fair-children other than Lambert have always done, we naturally assume the virtues of the United States are basic, decent, and permanent, and therefore are in no need of ballyhoo. Let lively, thinking citizens concern themselves instead with the clearing out of mental cobwebs while fitting glasses calculated to bring them face to face with the real world outlook we must all assume, since the United States is now top dog among nations, for better or for worse.

Eagle screaming helps world betterment and growth of peace no more than the ostrich attitudes of a recent gathering yclept the Eightieth Congress helped. Trouble is, we're too darn proud of our muscular Texas-cum-California, eleventh-hour selves already, and we really need a bit of human wisdom and humble knowledge to back us up before we go tearing forth on another wild crusade to make the globe safe for the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Hollywood films, and the Services (please describe the difference between a general and an ambassador?), thus plunging humanity into its heaven-delayed oblivion.

DONALD FAIRCHILD.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Less than two years ago, the day I read your editorial "Modern Man Is Obsolete," I wrote at once to tell you how excellent I realized it to be, as well as your editorial policy of international vision, support of the late President's policies, and other virtues of the *Review.* For that reason I've been particularly concerned over the controversy between you and Mr. Smith. A tinge of asperity in his communication [*SRL* July 12] disturbed me as an undignified tone for the paper. It's none of my business, except that as a charter subscriber to the *Review,* I should be extremely disturbed if such a breach came between you as to cause a change of personnel.

MARIAN N. WALSH.

Louisville, Ky.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Perhaps the greatest of many attractions that working on* SRL *has to offer is the wide-open ventilation of ideas and the inevitable disagreements growing out of them. Largely because of our difference, rather than in spite of them, Mr. Smith and the editor remain the closest personal friends. For whatever interest it may have to subscribers, no changes in personnel are contemplated.*

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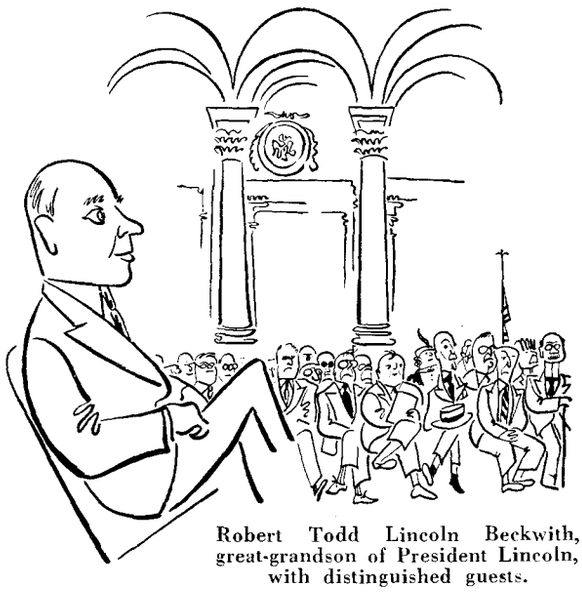
Lincoln

At the Libr

As

OSCAI



Robert Todd Lincoln Beckwith, great-grandson of President Lincoln, with distinguished guests.

A MINUTE after midnight, July 26, 18,350 private papers of Abraham Lincoln, bequeathed by his son, Robert Todd Lincoln, to the United States of America, were formally unveiled before some twenty-three trembling scholars, collectors, and staff members in the Library of Congress Annex. Not until afternoon was the public allowed to share the excitement of examining 194 volumes of carefully pasted and indexed memorabilia, withheld since Mr. Robert Lincoln's death, by stipulation, for twenty-one years. No sensations were unearthed, but to Lincolnites the treasure was dear. Oscar Berger, famous Czechoslovakian caricaturist and only artist present at the nighttime séance, did the accompanying sketches for *SRL*.

Dr. Louis Au
rapher, and
retired edi

Dr. Carl Sandburg, Lincolnian historian, poet, and lecturer.

Famous Lincoln Scholars Inspecting Index of Lincoln
biographer; Colton Storm, librarian; Dr. Robert Lee K
versity; Alfred W. Stern, private collector; Dr. Edgar
Townsend, lawyer and bi

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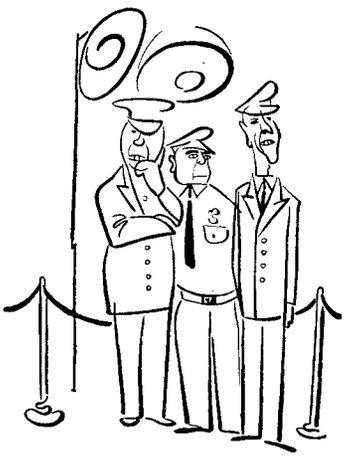
Night...

of Congress

By

R G E R



Mrs. Helen Bullock and Dr. C. Percy Powell, who indexed the Lincoln papers.

Dr. Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress.

:en, Lincoln biog-
:auriston Bullard,
Boston Herald.

pt: (l. to r.) Dr. Paul M. Angle,
resident, Lincoln Memorial Uni-
ones, historian; Dr. William H.

Peffer
Washington D.C.

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Onward and Upward in Providence

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR. By John T. Winterich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

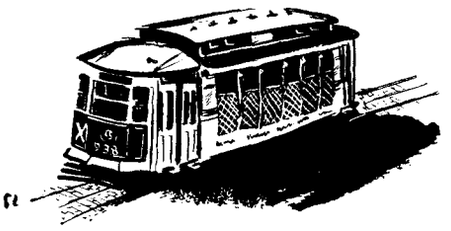
Reviewed by WINFIELD T. SCOTT

IT MUST be years since anyone has spoken of the romance of business. The phrase suits gaudier eras. But it fits Mr. Winterich's affectionate memoir of the jobs he held, young man and boy, as he forged onward and upward through a busy youth in Providence, R. I. Some of the chapters recording his rise have appeared in *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Review of Literature*—and are now collected, as the saying goes, for all to read. I hope all will. For "Another Day, Another Dollar" brightens our somber times.

No tycoon, Winterich. And of course, as everyone knows, his adult life took a rapid and doubtless permanent descent into such frivolities as teaching, reporting, editing, and —most flagrant of all—the writing of books about other books. And all this with a deliberation which makes evident the perverseness of the Winterich career. "It might have been," Whittier offers as saddest words. "He had it once," Robinson says of a misguided man who died twice.

Nevertheless, it may be said in Mr. Winterich's defense that the evidence of the record indicates he had talent, not genius, as a businessman. This appears almost at once. As a small boy on his first venture into salesmanship, young Winterich did very well with a house-to-house line of filters for faucets. But his friend Charlie, guilelessly invited in on the project, presently far surpassed him in sales. The secret of Charlie's success with housewives and their faucets exploded when that small-fry plutocrat, doing handstands on the Roger Williams Park grass, let fall a box of little green worms.

"Would I have employed this ruse if it had occurred to me?" Mr. Winterich wonders now. "I don't know.



It didn't occur to me, it occurred to Charlie."

And there we have it: "It didn't occur to me, it occurred to Charlie." Of course, we do not know what became of Charlie. But we do know what has become of Winterich. He's a *writer*, as Clifton Fadiman used to snarl with shuddering distaste. My own opinion is that, aside from young Winterich's apparent lack of Real Business Imagination, he was unable to keep his mind away from secondary matters. He has, uniquely, dedicated his book "To the Providence Gas Company." But why? As a tribute to utilities? To a corporation? Or even just because for three long years the Providence Gas Co. paid John T. Winterich for his adventures reading their gas meters—adventures which he is even yet again capitalizing upon? Not a bit of it. Winterich puts it right out in plain print: "For if it had not been for the Providence Gas Company, I could not have had a college education."

There, again, we have it. Winterich wanted an education. He never, I am afraid, really wanted to Get On.

So his book is a romance, straying idly over reminiscences of jobs and people and times that will serve as no model for any Algerish hero. It ranges from marriage to murder. The marriage is that of August the meat-cutter—to a lady in Lyons, N. Y., rather than to his intended in Ilion, N. Y.; but August, starting out from Providence, never could remember not to pronounce it "eye-lion." The murder is of Fred Bishop, trolley motorman, by Peleg Champlin, trolley inspector; the cause, Mrs. Bishop's affections.

Winterich knew the principals during the summer he worked as a trolley conductor. Of that job, which he held just after graduating from Brown University, he writes with fondest nostalgia. Collecting fares, evicting drunks, striding the running-boards of open cars were, he persuades us, occupations that stamp the year 1912 in red and gold. I will not say he makes the lore of the trolley comparable to Mark Twain's exposition of steamboating, but he is remindful, and that is saying a great deal.

Indeed, as you read "Another Day, Another Dollar"—how Tim the cop rescued a wig in Providence harbor, how Ben Green the haberdasher peopled his little shop with imaginary employees who were really all a boy named Winterich, how altogether a boy and his employments and his city emerge gracefully and touchingly from thirty and forty years ago—you may wish to reconsider, as I find myself doing, whether Mr. Winterich's defection from business to writing wasn't for the best, after all.

Winfield Scott, author of a number of books of verse, is the literary editor of The Providence Journal.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Kitty Foyle," by Christopher Morley. 2. "The Razor's Edge," by Somerset Maugham. 3. "The Arch of Triumph," by Erich Remarque. 4. "All the King's Men," by Robert Penn Warren. 5. "What Makes Sammy Run," by Budd Schulberg. 6. "This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell. 7. "David the King," by Gladys Schmitt. 8. "Past All Dishonor," by James Cain. 9. "The White Tower," by James Ramsey Ullman. 10. "The Snake Pit," by Mary Jane Ward.

Rare Jewels

COLLECTED LYRICAL POEMS. By Vivian Locke Ellis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 136 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARTHA BACON

PEOPLE whose taste in poetry is subject to flights of fashion will not care for the "Collected Lyrical Poems" of Vivian Locke Ellis. They have nothing to offer except the craftsmanship of a master, a true voice, and the singularity of ear that combines the sound and sense in a simple line so that something occurs within the compass of the language not known before. Mr. Walter de la Mare in his introduction has said everything that need be said for this book, and I can do no more than second his approval and claim my own preferences. If I must make a choice then, I shall name "The Ventures" (the title poem of an earlier volume) and "The Traveler of Styx,"

> "Farewell." The angel gazing from the Hill
> Down the grey waste and interval of worlds,
> Saw him descend, the steadfast Wraith of Man.

For simple beauty and the directness that is essential to lyric poetry, I can think of no more splendid examples than "When Sets the Sun,"

> Then the little grass lamp glows,
> And the blackest snails untwine;
> And the cautious hedge hog goes
> Under the light-uddered kine.

Or Mr. de la Mare's favorite, "Go, Nor Acquaint the Rose," or the mysterious "In What Strange Land," and "What Thoughts That Memory Yields,"

> A powerful shepherd-wind striding round the Horn all smocked with cloud.

These poems are lodged in conventional forms but they are rare jewels in old settings, shining forth in all their strangeness and depth.

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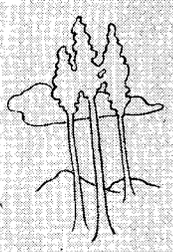
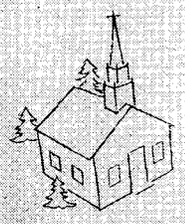
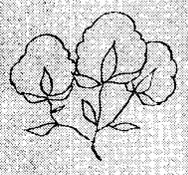
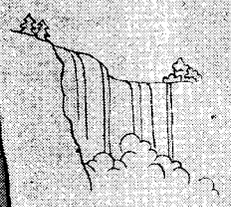
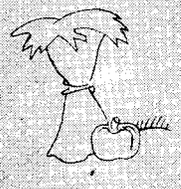
A report on the *Look at America* series

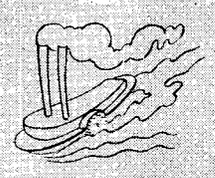












The Look-at-America Series by the editors of LOOK has received wide press acclaim as the reviews below indicate. Already published in the Look series are: Look at America, The Southwest, and New England.

To be published this year are: The Central Northwest, The South and The Midwest.

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New York World-Telegram

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Philadelphia Inquirer

". . . a treasure-house of pictures (color and black and white photographs) and condensed text and captions . . . these volumes in the 'Look at America' series succeed in high lighting the regions they cover and doing this with surprising success."
San Francisco Chronicle

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Los Angeles Daily News

". . . a gift beyond price, for its record of America is of unlimited value."
Boston Herald

BY THE EDITORS OF LOOK

At all bookstores $5.00 each, Look at America $12.50

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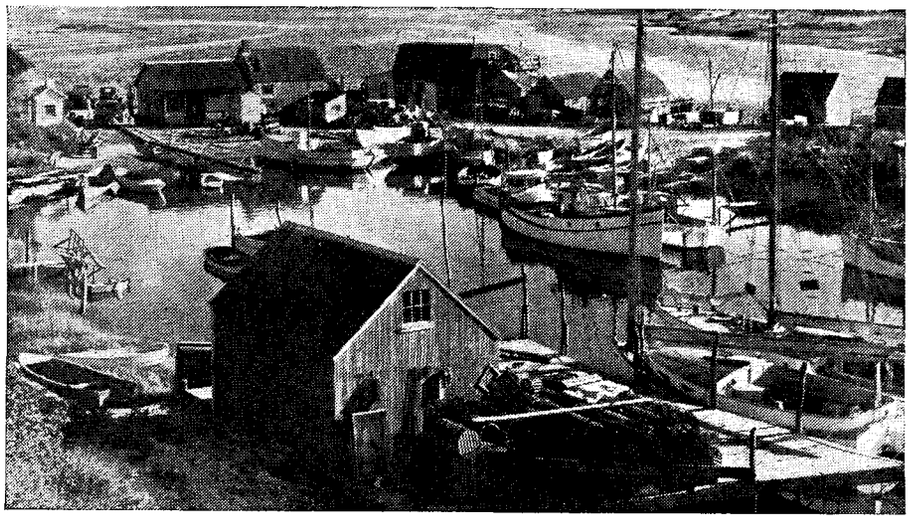

—Courtesy The New Haven Railroad

New England's Menemsha Bay—". . . blueberries the size of pinballs . . . codfish cakes and beans. . . ."

LIFE WITH THE NEW ENGLAND FATHERS

LOOK AT AMERICA: NEW ENGLAND. By the editors of Look *in collaboration with Mary Ellen Chase. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1947. 393 *pp.* $5.

BOOK OF NEW ENGLAND. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1947. 289 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LEAVITT F. MORRIS

TO DISCOVER the heart of New England, one must tarry in its towns and villages, tramp its country roads, and "set a spell" with the homely people that make up its region. The visitor can get the feel of these people and reap the rich harvest of pastoral scenes and historical lore that abound at nearly every turn only by a leisurely journey through these six New England states.

That is exactly the feeling one gets when turning the pages of "Look at America: New England," the second of a series of standard regional guidebooks of America. One needs time to travel the acres of its half-tones, the vast spread of its panoramas. Turning the pages hastily is like speeding through the New England countryside. One doesn't get the feel of New England.

The book is filled with one of the finest collections of photographs—both black-and-white and natural color—ever assembled of the New England region. It is not weighted down with heavy, detailed text. The words are brief, and simply descriptive information on some of New England's more popular resort areas. There are regional maps, a mileage chart, and a calendar of important seasonal events.

For vacationists contemplating a trip to New England this new guidebook — a welcome departure from those with which we are familiar—should prove indeed a valuable asset in helping to make such a journey more pleasant.

It should, too, come to eventual rest on the pine boards of many a New England homestead before the hay is in.

* * *

As long as the blood of the New England fathers stirs in Yankee veins there will be books about New England. They will be books which generally don't reveal a whole lot more than what most school children already know, but they will be books which nonetheless bring on the nostalgia and the satisfaction to any New Englander anywhere.

No matter how far afield a New Englander has traveled or how long he has resided in another section of the world his spirit is never altered. Down deep in the heart is the longing to return to those rock-ribbed hills and verdant vales.

New Englanders everywhere will find many familiar anecdotes and seafaring yarns in Zephine Humphrey's latest work, "A Book of New England." Any New Englander can relate these stories from memory, having heard them before an open fire in his childhood. But that doesn't take away one whit from their flavor.

Miss Humphrey, who is the wife of Wallace Weir Fahnestock, landscape painter of Dorset, Vt., slows down her work to some extent by quoting from historical records, but on the whole the book is good reading for any New Englander.

She treats her various subjects—from maple sugar to town meetings—in individual chapters and one can start in the middle of the book without losing the continuity of the text.

Thomas P. Robinson, a Massachusetts artist, adds to the volume with some excellent pencil drawings.

Leavitt F. Morris is travel editor of the Christian Science Monitor.

THE CONNECTICUT. By Walter Hard. Illustrated by Douglas W. Gorsline. New York: Rinehart & Co. 298 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY S. CANBY

MR. HARD, who is a native of Vermont, has enriched this book by excellent anecdotal material drawn from the history of the upper river, particularly his accounts of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke College, and the redoubtable Julia Smith, pioneer in women's rights over their own property, whose wrestle with the tax collectors is quite as significant historically as Thoreau's night in jail. But, rather naturally, he has overweighted, or should we say overflooded, the up river to the disadvantage of the estuary near the sea. Essex, Lyme, and Saybrook, with their salty histories, all derived from the river, suffer by comparison with the industrial towns to the north where the machine tool and interchangeable parts were reared, if not born. Odell Shepard's "Connecticut Past and Present" will have to be read to supplement this book.

The Connecticut is indisputably the greatest river of New England. It is also the binder which holds together the very different north, west, and south of that historical region. In Mr. Hard's book the reader will find

AS MAINE GOES

The State of Maine will be treated individually in the August 30 issue with reviews by Senator Owen Brewster and Hodding Carter, and an on-the-scene report from Horace Sutton.

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT, THE SECOND OF A SERIES BY LEADING BOOK ADVERTISING AGENCIES,
IS PRESENTED BY THE SATURDAY REVIEW AS A SERVICE TO THE BOOK TRADE.

Notes for a bull session

ONE of the favorite pastimes of publishers, booksellers, and authors is to decide what's wrong with the book business. It's an enthralling game and anybody can play . . . even an advertising agent. The debate becomes particularly fervent, of course, at such moments as these, when the whole industry seems to be suffering from an attack of the doldrums. This particular attack is a little different from those of the past, however, in several respects:

The book business has not gone to the dogs and isn't even on the way. The fact that it has slipped from its 1946 peak (well over $500,000,000) doesn't indicate that it will sink to its $230,000,000 pre-war average.

The publishers sometimes remind me of a golfing friend of mine, an incurable duffer who for years was quite happy about his game until one fateful day when fortune smiled upon him and he broke ninety. He hasn't been the same since. Nowadays, when he turns in his customary 97 he informs everybody who'll listen that he's "off his game." He spends most of his spare time and cash swapping in his old clubs for new ones and he wears a perpetual frown . . .

The bookstores are, generally speaking, in a healthy condition. One of our big bookstore clients reports business off only about five to ten percent in most of its shops, and sales in its New York store were actually ahead this June as compared with June '46.

Then what is the shouting about? Publishers are caught between the rising manufacturing costs and the fear of consumer resistance to higher prices. This fear has assumed undue proportions. I recently came across an old Lippincott catalogue for 1886 and saw novels quoted at $1.75. A present-day increase to $3.50 would mark a more restrained advance than eggs, shoes, rents or newspapers have experienced in the same sixty years. *The story of values in the book business should be widely advertised to the public.* And you will note that people *are* buying the books they feel they must have—witness the success of the new *Roget's International Thesaurus,* published by Crowell, and Funk & Wagnalls *New College Standard Dictionary,* both priced necessarily above their previous editions.

Unfortunately, the books that publishers lose money on include not only the bad books that should never have been published in the first place, but a number of excellent ones which do not get the attention they deserve largely because too many people are fishing in a rather small pond.

The danger lies in the possibility that publishers may limit their lists to books by established authors or those with an assured popularity. This would be a calamity both for the new and developing writers and for the public which wants something more than yesterday's warmed-over themes.

There are two ways out of this dilemma:

1. *Find cheaper ways of producing books.* Publishers are already at work on this problem—they are investigating the use of rubber plates, phototypography, multiple runs of uniform-length books, eliminating the hand processes in binding, etc.

2. *Increase the number of book buyers.* First of all, some steps should be taken to get accurate figures on *where* books sell at present, and how many. Hardly any two publishers will agree about the order in size and importance of the book markets of the cities beyond New York and Chicago. This will allow intelligent planning for sales expansion on a country-wide basis—and incidentally, eliminate much of the waste of misdirected advertising.

In a literate nation of nearly 150,000,000 people it is astonishing that a sale of 10,000 for a novel is the exception instead of the rule. Book clubs and 25c reprint houses should not be the only ones who can regularly find readers in the hundreds of thousands.

Publishers must make a concerted effort to advertise and publicize books as such to the whole country. There is a vast wealth of potential bookbuyers scattered throughout 48 states, yet 50% of the publishers' business is limited to about 10 cities. There's a rich crop for a group of publishers to irrigate, cultivate and harvest. The magazine, radio and movie boys are doing it.

They must encourage more outlets for book sales. A recent survey of readers of *The Grade Teacher* magazine showed that 49% of them had no bookstore anywhere near where they lived. The number of Grade A bookstores throughout America has increased from 450 to about 550 in the past 16 years, while other types of retail stores have multiplied like jackrabbits.

And by the way, a large Western auto supply chain is planning to put in a line of groceries to sell along with tires and tubes. Isn't there a thought here for some intrepid and imaginative book sales manager?

There are many other jobs that can be done. How about a campaign to persuade architects to provide bookshelves in new houses (it's amazing how infrequently the thought occurs to them)? Why not a concerted effort to get hold of the youngsters just out of school and sell them the fun — and profit — of reading? And is there a Guggenheim who would be willing to underwrite, not the living expenses of promising authors, but the distribution at low cost of their finished books?

Pipe dreams? Not necessarily. Today's profits are important — but so are tomorrow's. . . .

Franklin Spier

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an adequate summary of its history. But the river itself, as often happens in this series, has not got the epic treatment it deserves. Too much history happened on or near its banks, too much in which the river had no significant part. As a result, here, as elsewhere, excellent chapters alternate with condensations of general history of theology or Indian warfare. Obviously the history of a great river must be something different from the history of the territories through which it runs. Otherwise five volumes, not one, would be required. The worst instance of this fault in scope and focus was "The Delaware" in this same river series, where that noble river, with a history as picturesque as, if far less extensive, than the Connecticut's, was sacrificed to an extensive survey of the politics of Philadelphia, which owed as much to rum as to water.

SOU' WEST AND BY WEST OF CAPE COD. By Llewellyn Howland. Boston: Harvard University Press. 1947. 230 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

IN 1939 I came to the Cape Playhouse in Dennis to try out "Skylark" for John Golden. I am now told that the Playhouse's producer, Richard Aldrich, had been tipped off to just what he might expect in the way of luggage, personal maids, and temperament. The only advance information I had was a travel brochure the New Haven Railroad was kind enough to leave in my drawing room.

Mr. Aldrich met me at the train and I must say rather typified everything I had ever heard about the reticent, hard-to-know New Englander, or so I thought. The drive back to Dennis was marked by the passing of many beautiful ramblers and very few words. Once inside the star's cottage on the Playhouse grounds, however, I was able to account for the silence of the ride. As Mr. Aldrich opened the door I was almost knocked over by the gleeful shouts of "Surprise!"—and his greetings were as warm and as effusive as any of them.

From then on, the Cape has been a wonderful series of surprises. My impressions of the Cape came at a much later age and more hectic pace than did the author's. Mr. Howland writes charmingly of a Cape Cod I never knew — of shipwrecks, overturned lifeboats, tales of rescue, the horrors of being marooned on an ice floe, and schooner races. Yet, despite the fifty years, the atmosphere seems strangely unchanged. Mr. Howland's detailed description of a clambake, I must say, stimulated my appetite and piqued my culinary inclinations.

There are times, however, when Mr. Howland's sentences seem to ramble on in quite the same endless fashion as the Cape Cod shoreline. He has committed what I should like to call a topographical error. But after all, isn't the Cape soft, and slow, and easy-going? Who can blame Mr. Howland for having written under its spell?

Gertrude Lawrence, star of London and New York, author of the book "A Star Danced," was last seen on Broadway in "Pygmalion."

DOWN CAPE COD. By Katherine Dos Passos and Edith Shay. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1947. 230 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDRICH

UP UNTIL the time I had read this volume I labored under the impression that there was very little that a person who had long considered himself a native could be told about his favorite strip of peninsula. It barely took the ladies Shay and Dos Passos two chapters to snap me out of this delusion of some years' standing.

Theirs is a thoroughly workmanlike and readable panorama of Cape Cod from Provincetown to Buzzards Bay. The first two native-deflating chapters give a detailed, though completely absorbing history and geological summary of the Cape. I was pleasantly startled to learn that the Pilgrims first landed in Provincetown, and, for reasons none too clear, left a month later for what turned out to be Plymouth.

Of course, were I to place too much stock in the author's report of how the sea is slowly eating into the land, the theory would have a likewise decaying effect on our future plans for the Playhouse. I must say that the first twenty years have been reasonably successful and relatively free of breakers, a fact I was reassured to find recorded in the chapter of the book titled "Artists and Mummers."

There's lots to be dug up about the Cape, and the authors have left few of the sand dunes unprobed. The book's photographic illustrations are better selected than they are reproduced, but all in all "Down Cape Cod" is the most interesting, enjoyable, and informative book I've read on the subject to date.

Richard Aldrich is the summertime director of the Cape Playhouse, wintertime manager of Theater, Inc., and fulltime husband of Gertrude Lawrence.

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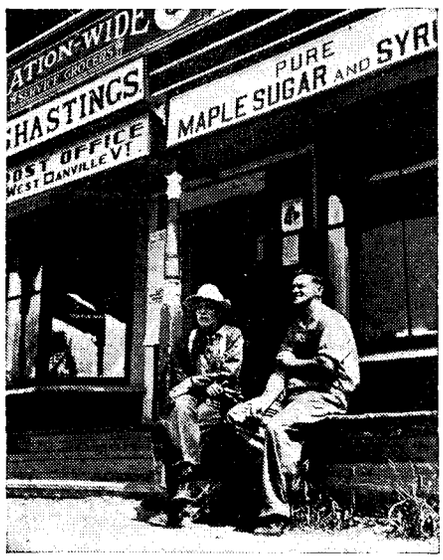
CHURCHES OF OLD NEW ENGLAND. By George Francis Marlowe. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 222 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS FOSTER

MR. MARLOWE, judiciously selecting from each New England state churches of both architectural merit and historical interest, provides a popular guidebook for trippers and a fascinating fireside volume for the general reader. His descriptions of the old meeting-houses are fully supplemented by information about the colonial archi-



—Henle in "Look at America: New England."

Vermont resort town—"Cotuit and Santuit, Mashpee and Teaticket [on the Cape] report business better than ever."

tects, pastors, and congregations. From diaries and church records he reconstructs the lives of the people intimately connected with these beautiful old buildings. He has so skilfully interspersed trenchant sayings and anecdotes that he brings many crusty characters vividly before the reader. His tour begins in Boston with the famous "Old South" and King's Chapel and ends at Portland's venerable First Parish Church, a unique example of amateur architecture.

A professional architect, Marlowe calls attention to the Ionic columns of the remarkable pulpit at Lancaster or the cupola-surmounted belfry at Bennington, deplores the nineteenth-century "improvements" to the interiors of the United Church, New Haven, or the churches at Hancock and Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, but he is never technically abstruse. Churches designed by Harrison, Bulfinch, and other architects have found a worthy historian in Mr. Marlowe. Samuel Chamberlain provides fifty-four excellent pictures. One criticism: there is no index.

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Report on New England

BOSTON.

MAKE no mistake about it, New England still means elm-shaded streets, old houses, salt-crusted fishermen, flat "a's," antiques, mills, frappes, pines, and apple pie for breakfast. And the rurality of its states is still in inverse ratio to their nearness to New York. But this year there are new cars in many a garage, and summer travelers are more anxious to roll the roads than rock the verandas.

From Vermont comes word of ample accommodations. New Hampshire announces that "resorts are not filled in spite of rumors circulated in some Eastern and Midwestern cities." Summing it up for all quarters, the New England Council says there are still August vacancies, and that prices, up five to twenty per cent over last year, may drop as the season wanes.

Connecticut is paved with highways, and fairly lined with good inns, particularly along Route 7 which follows the state's western border. You can rub elbows with artists and antiques at Silvermine off the Merritt Parkway near Norwalk, follow the crowd to the White Turkey near Danbury, or have dinner, drinks, and chi-chi at the Stonehenge near Ridgefield. All have transient rooms.

In western Massachusetts, a cultural center by summer and a ski slope come winter, the Northampton Inn and Wiggins Old Tavern is worth a stop, and the Curtis House in Lenox is broad, quiet, and comfortable. Should you run across it, the Shaker Glen House outside Boston serves huge dinners that begin with clam chowder and end with homemade cakes, all for $2.

The Cape as always is doing a bustling business. At Cotuit and Santuit, Mashpee and Teaticket, names that should inspire Ogden Nash and defy no less an elocutionist than a New Haven R.R. train-caller, the tiny, tucked-away guest houses report business better than ever. At places like Barnaby Lodge at Dennis you can get rooms for $4 including breakfast, and breakfast includes anything from a soup bowl of cereal and blueberries the size of pinballs to codfish cakes and beans. The Windswept, nearby, is dainty and tearoomy and typical of good Cape restaurants in which the fine thumbprint of home-cooking is still discernible. Provincetown, site of the first Pilgrim landing—a fact which has been reported elsewhere in these columns—is sort of a Greenwich Village with clams. The Bohemians have long since taken over, and, I can report, are holding firm. The trend in fashions is toward three or more wedding bands worn on either thumb, five-inch metal sleeve bracelets ($15 in brass, $25 in silver), and pendant earrings which bear a marked resemblance to the operating rod catch assembly of the U. S. Army rifle, caliber .30, M1 ($5 in brass). There are a number of quaint restaurants, and most everyone ends up in a smoky den of antiquity in the basement of the Atlantic House, which offers continuous entertainment mostly by a lady name of Stella Brooks, as neat a personification of one of Scott Fitzgerald's people as ever doubled an entendre.

There are rooms in Provincetown at $10 a week, and some at $7, which is slightly less than the daily American-plan rate at the broad-porch resorts like the Pines at Cotuit, the New Ocean House at Swampscott, Wentworth - by - the - Sea in Portsmouth, and the Crawford House in Mt. Washington. Rhode Island's Weekapaug Inn is somewhat higher.

About half of New England's resorts are planning to stay open this year through the fall foliage season in the middle of October to welcome any of the country's wandering motorists who might still be on the road. Some of these autumn travelers might turn out to be participants in the renewed Glidden Tours which will sponsor a trip by 100 antique autos through all six New England states commencing September 18. It might be well t draw the attention of prospectiv drivers to the attitude of the New Hampshire press as reflected by an editorial in the *Manchester Union*, July 1905. "The whole thing is an unmitigated nuisance," the paper said. "If these people think of coming up another year, let 'em stay in jail for two or three days, and everyone will be better for it."

Welcome, indeed!

HORACE SUTTON.

Also About New England

Six New England Villages. By Samuel Chamberlain. New York: Hastings House. 1947. $3.50. (Over 170 photos of soft rurality and brittle character. Due in October.)

Vermont Heritage. By Barrows Mussey. New York: A. A. Wyn. 1947. 64 pp. $2.50. (Ripe prints of the Green Mts. and a minimum of text. August.)

A Treasury of New England Folklore. Edited by B. A. Botkin. New York: Crown. 1947. 960 pp. $4. (This should wrap up the subject for a long time. Due in October.)

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English "Topophil"

SLICK BUT NOT STREAMLINED. Poems and Short Pieces. By John Betjeman. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 185 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

JOHN BETJEMAN, English poet and editor, is a "topophil," ascribed by W. H. Auden to anyone attacked by "topophilia" or who writes "topophiliac poetry." All of which makes Mr. Betjeman's work sound so much more important and formidable than it is, without conveying the visual imagination and lightness of touch of his topographical verse. Our conclusions might easily be the same as Mr. Auden's, however, when he suggests his "favorite Aunt Daisy" was Mr. Betjeman's secret collaborator. If tomorrow an American poet were to attempt to describe as intimately as Betjeman our own cherished memories and associations of childhood, who else could supply the details about those trips to the Adirondacks, those holidays at Sea Bright, the hymns we sang at St. John's, but the indefatigable spirit of our Victorian Aunt Hortense?

There can be no mistake that Mr. Betjeman, as an itinerant poet, cyclist, and lover of church architecture, of people and books, would furnish us with the Baedeker for which we have been searching. It is our misfortune that he was not called on to write or at least edit those official guides issued by the Army to the American Forces stationed in England during the war. A minor poet, Betjeman's verse is wrongfully called slick. These simple rhymes are deceiving, for they are anything but light jingles. Local atmosphere, warm heart, and sensitive mood are all here:

Oh! then what a pleasure to see the ground floor
With tables for two laid as tables for four,
And bottles of sauce and Kia-Ora and squash
Awaiting their owners who'd gone up to wash—

The short prose pieces are mainly satirical, but so are these lines:

Think of what our nation stands for
Books from Boots' and country lanes,
Free speech, free passes, class distinction,
Democracy and proper drains.
Lord, put beneath Thy special care
One-Eighty-Nine Cadogan Square.

Redolent with Betjeman's love of English suburbs and gaslit provincial towns, Gothic Revival churches and mineral railways, seaside resorts, and industrial cities, these verses will have an added appeal for those who have ever cycled over the English countryside or visited the scenes recaptured here. This reader, for example, found special charm in discovering "Olney Hymns," having once cycled, along no doubt the same path Mr. Betjeman took, to the rectory where the poet Cowper lived at Olney on "the winding Ouse."

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LISTENER COUNCILS

OFTEN, in the course of some critical comment or other against the radio industry, this column has suggested that the listeners, and the listeners alone, can, in the end, actually correct shoddy or inadequate programming.

The whole matter of unsavory fare for young listeners, for example, was dumped squarely in the laps of the parents, and indeed nothing from irritating singing commercials all the way up to issues of national import can be even touched unless the radio audience makes itself heard by the advertisers, vociferously.

Unfortunately, we all know how futile even the most sustained barrage of letters is. In most cases the suggestions are read, and even appreciated, but mere individual opinions count for very little in this world of powerful pressures. What is needed is an instrument whereby the opinions of listeners can be brought, in their full weight, to the appropriate and attentive authorities.

Such instruments have been partially developed in the past, on the national level. Such groups as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National P-TA, the Junior League, and the National Council of Churches, have radio councils which act as a liaison between their vast membership and the radio industry.

However, two weaknesses of that method of operation defeat the ultimate attempts. For one thing, they do not represent Listeners. They represent listening churchgoers, listening clubwomen, or listening parents. As such, their primary interest is the development of other matters than a better radio system, and radio listening is only a partial means to a different end.

For another thing, they represent listeners on a national, rather than a local scale. Suggestions, thus, are not able to encompass the specific listening habits of the people of one community, taking into consideration civic affairs and other local interests which need integration with general listening.

What is called for is a breakdown of listener organizations to the local level. Through a congregation of such groups, the perpetual suggestions of listeners throughout the entire country can be compiled into a set of individually constructive *critiques* and placed in the hands of the local radio operators with some chance of being incorporated into local program policy.

There are, today, some eighteen or twenty local groups of this nature, and because they have all enjoyed success in their undertakings to reasonable degrees, they suggest patterns for several hundred similar groups throughout the nation.

The existing organizations vary in makeup and objective from the Lowell Institute for Cooperative Broadcasting in Cambridge and Boston, which acts as a channel through which professorial talks and musical events of a cultural nature may be parceled out to the local radio stations, to the dynamic Cleveland Council which goes so far as to bring the commercial stations to heel.

Some of the local groups have been fostered by the radio stations in a sincere effort to develop a meeting of minds between themselves and their listeners. Others have been set up by special interest groups as an instrument for forcing their ideas upon broadcasters.

In some cases, the organizations have a core of operating personnel with an adequate budget for day-by-day functioning, while others are merely paper structures, meeting periodically at dutch-treat luncheons to hear civic leaders and radio impresarios exchange compliments.

However, within those wide boundaries there can be found methods of operating feasible in any set of circumstances, and listeners who are interested in developing radio more to their use might well contemplate the formation of some such council in their own region.

The Quad-City Radio Council of Iowa suggests an excellent pattern.

This group is made up of listeners and stations in the Davenport-Rock Island-Moline area, and has been in nominal existence a little more than ten years. A year ago it was stimulated by the local radio stations, and today meets at regular intervals to undertake specific projects designed to provide better radio service.

Although the local radio stations stimulated the rebirth of the dormant council, the group itself is beholden to no one. The financial support, small as it is, is shared by individual members along with the radio stations on an equal basis, and the contribution by the radio stations beyond money is no more than secretarial services.

The council is actually composed of some several hundred citizens, and all memberships are on an individual basis. There are no token memberships on the part of business firms.

The present functions of the council fall into three areas, operating under committees. The public forum committee is at work developing a series of round-table discussions on matters of local and regional interest, which will be heard during the fall and winter months. These programs will be given the best available broadcast time by the stations, so that the citizens of the Quad-City area will have an ever-operating showcase for the discussion of community affairs.

The production committee undertakes the allocation on local radio stations of requests for air time from reputable civic and charitable groups. In this way all legitimate civic and

Summer Nights

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

THE moon came to the house through many windows.
The stairs, the halls were dappled with its shade
As they led upward through the soft crescendos
Of light and dark the moving moonlight made.

The trees were tall and tall enough for lending
To every landing, every circling flight,
A semblance of the boughs, and we ascending
Beheld that blending of the house and night.

O summer nights, O summer nights a-glimmer,
You have no home, no resting place but there
Where summer was the house, the house was summer,
And you are standing always on that stair.

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charitable drives will obtain broadcast time in proportion to the size of the role they play in community undertakings. This production committee further makes its services available to those groups to help them build radio programs of a professional nature as a means of providing better listening and better radio service to the organizations concerned.

The third function of the council commands the interest of the whole membership. It is the carrying out of this objective, stated in the council's charter: "To supply all Quad-City radio stations with factual, balanced opinions of program values and station conduct."

Questionnaires are mailed to all members of the council, and each member undertakes to listen to certain program periods for a specific time, after which their ideas and opinions are correlated and turned over to the local stations for study, and, it is hoped, to the national networks and advertisers in question.

A recent project grew out of the fact that one national network, broadcasting in that area through one of the council's member stations, carried sixteen daytime serials in succession between the hours of one and five in the afternoon. The local station turned the problem over to its listeners, through the council, asking whether or not such a barrage of daytime serials was, possibly, too much of a good thing. Council members were asked to listen for a given week, and then suggest what they considered an ideal schedule, including, if they thought it more satisfactory, interim periods of news, music, or other non-serial fare. The station then agreed to tabulate the responses, and attempt to shuffle its block of serials in such a way as to carry out the wishes of a majority of the listeners.

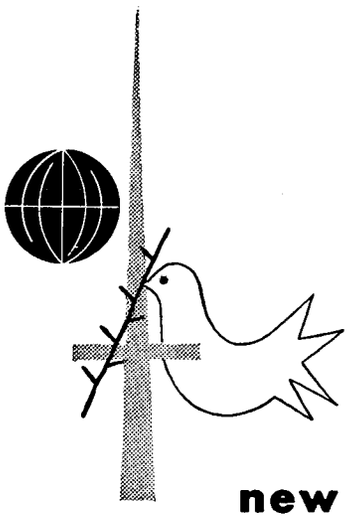
Other projects will be undertaken from time to time in the field of children's programs, religious broadcasts, local sports events, etc. Slowly, the local program fare in that area will conform more perfectly with the likes of the audience itself. In the long run the station will profit by reason of a happy relationship between itself and its listeners, and the advertisers will profit from a happier acceptance of their message by listeners who know that they have approved, not only tacitly, but actively, the program patterns, and who are in a position to make further changes if they so desire.

The National Association of Broadcasters is, of course, completely behind listener groups of this nature. They provide broadcasters with a set of checks and balances that will guarantee full freedom of the air because of the guarantee to the listener against inroads on his patience and privacy.

Readers of this column living in cities where no Listener Council now exists might enlist the aid of the NAB in forming such a group. Mrs. Dorothy Lewis is in charge of listener activity for the NAB, and in her constant travels throughout the country she is eager to meet with listeners and discuss their problems.

If the idea of a Listener Council for your own area makes sense, it might be worth while dropping Mrs. Lewis a note at 535 Fifth Avenue, New York City, asking her to call upon you the next time she is in your town. You will find her a delightful and stimulating person.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.



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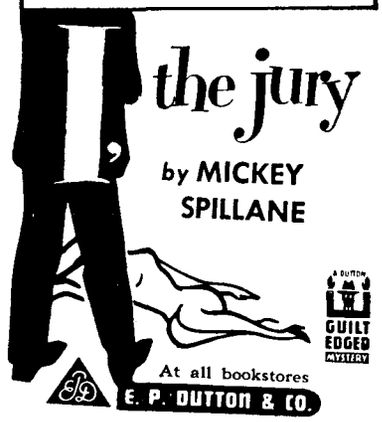

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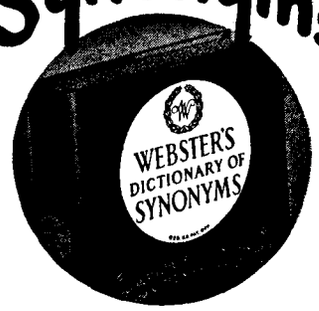

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THE BLUE HORSE OF TAXCO *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders among contesting silver-workers in Taxco, Mexico, traced to racketeer's greed by proud, penniless, and incorruptible American artist.	Plentiful action, rich local color, diversity of characters, Yankee and American, including unbelievably hard-boiled N. Y. "career-girl," and sinuous plot.	Good enough
MORE DEATHS THAN ONE *Bruno Fischer* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Cookie-jar conking of amoral artist more than small-town law can handle, so outside big-shot takes over crime-wave.	Although practically all characters are outrageously overdrawn and sleuth is no great shakes, story holds interest by unflagging exuberance.	Summer-stuff
MURDER ON THE PURPLE WATER *Frances Crane* (Random House: $2.50)	Bait knife slays middle-aged wolf on Florida fishing boat—whose skipper enlists aid of vacationing sleuths Pat and Jean Abbott.	Key West atmosphere—both on- and off-shore—colorfully captured. Trials and torments of assorted suspects chattily described by detective's wife.	Standard brand
HE NEVER CAME BACK *Paul Tabori* (Dutton: $2.75)	Accidental head-wound leads to final collapse of escaping Nazi *gauleiter's* diabolical plans, inches ahead of pursuing American officer.	Despicable, ruthless—and curiously pitiful—Prussian, and dazed English bride, central figures in breathlessly exciting yarn of Europe after V-E Day.	Real thriller
THE SEVEN DEADLY SISTERS *Pat McGerr* (Crime Club: $2.)	Unrevealing letter tells American bride in London that her aunt is killer. But which aunt—of seven? English husband starts figgerin.	Variation on author's "Pick Your Victim" much better than original theme. It keeps you guessing—and entertained—to end.	Capital!
DEATH TAKES A PAYING GUEST *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.)	Elsie Mae Hunt finds corpse in Washington boarding house hallway, notifies police — and body vanishes. Tim Mulligan ultimately unravels crotchety case.	Good character work—especially of poor but powerfully proud Washingtonians—makes better reading than plot, which is on fuzzy side.	Pretty good
THE FARMHOUSE *Helen Reilly* (Random House: $2.50)	Dutchess County freshet discloses corpse of Manhattan private op., which brings McKee of Centre Street to scene of further criminal activity.	Sinister happenings in idyllic countryside keep tale moving rapidly. People are interesting and sleuthing shrewd—but finish is slight letdown.	Entertaining
A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE *Mary Fitt* (Putnam: $2.50)	Young English hiker, haled into auto by lovely unknown, gets entangled in double murder which police solve in nick of time.	Starts like earlier (and unlamented) Fitt story, but gets better and better. Suspenseful, romantic, full of fun—and well written.	Best British Brand
BLUE CITY *Kenneth Miller* (Knopf: $2.50)	G.I. returns to hometown, where his estranged father was "good" boss, and circumvents appalling villainy to solve his parent's murder.	Just about as tough as they are likely to come. Outside of "hero" and his slightly tarnished sweetie everybody is rats.	Raw meat
MURDER IN A LIGHTER VEIN *Milton M. Raison* (Murray & Gee: $2.50)	Boorish radio-star killed (deservedly) during massacre of "Cyrano." N. Y. drama-critic Woolrich helps L. A. homicide squad solve it.	Murder method is ingenious. Outside of that, story rambles rather aimlessly through Hollywood swamps of love, likker and intrigue.	Avoidable

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(*Continued from page 8*)

sioned to investigate the last phase of the defeated Nazi regime. The official mission from which this book has sprung had a practical and limited purpose. The Government of the United Kingdom wanted to find out whether the mystery of Hitler's disappearance could be cleared up, with an eye to sterilizing the seeds of legend which an unexplained mystery is apt to breed. In this immediate task, the investigator has achieved substantial success. It is true that no remnants or relics of Hitler's and Eva Braun's mortal remains have been identified. On the other hand, the non-material evidence—both written and oral—has been surprisingly abundant and precise, considering the atmosphere of confusion and disarray in which the last act of Hitler's melodrama was played out in the madhouse "bunker" below the Reich Chancellery in Berlin. We may take it that Mr. Trevor-Roper has succeeded in establishing the fact, the date, and the circumstances of Hitler's death. But the evidence which he has had to examine for this purpose has thrown light on a great deal more than the last days of Hitler. It also illuminates the characters of his companions and subordinates and the nature of his regime, and these further subjects—which are of wider and more lasting interest—are also dealt with in Mr. Trevor-Roper's book.

In the course of his extremely able investigation of the facts, the historian of Hitler's last days allows his own temperament to play upon them. Mr. Trevor-Roper is confident in his characterizations of Hitler and his associates, and supremely contemptuous of them and their works. Some of the character sketches are disputable. The portrait of Goering, in particular, presents only the weaker aspect of a personality which proved, on more than one critical occasion, to possess formidable reserves of energy and strength. But Mr. Trevor-Roper's general picture of Hitler's "court," as he aptly styles it, is convincing to the present writer, who had a first-hand glimpse of it in February 1936 and received precisely the same impression that Mr. Trevor-Roper has obtained from a wide range of written and oral evidence. The picture is one of a monkey-king with monkey-courtiers manoeuvering round him for position, perpetually insecure and excruciatingly anxious. The scene would be comic or pathetic if these apes had been harmless marmosets; but, seeing that they were ferocious gorillas, who could, and did, bash out each other's brains, or knock on the head, just as readily, some innocent and helpless passer-by, on a momentary impulse or for a freak of fancy, their antics are grim and their travesty—or exposure—of human nature is a devil's joke at which human spectators will not be moved to laugh.

Again we ask ourselves: "Is this obscene comedy a unique episode in the known history of man, or has it been played before?" And again we find that Hitler, his "court," and his bloodlust are not unprecedented, and perhaps not even altogether exceptional phenomena, but are echoes from the past and therefore also portents for the future. We are reminded of the mass massacres cold-bloodedly organized and perpetrated by the Assyrians or by Tamerlane. And all these historical parallels have one particularly significant feature in common with the Nazi case. Like this, they are all of them instances of a precipitous moral relapse, of a galloping consumption eating away the seemingly robust tissues of a civilized social heritage. Like Hitler and his gang, these other political criminals were social renegades from a more humane and noble past: the Neros and Caligulas were unworthy heirs of the Greeks, the Aztecs of the Mayas, the Assyrians of the Sumerians. The savage who confronts us here is a twice-born, not a once-born specimen of his kind; and this fallen ex-aspirant to civilization is a more terrifying spectacle, and a more recalcitrant problem, than the primitive who has not yet seen the light.

How did this recurrent tragedy of

—Frans Masereel: "Danse Macabre."

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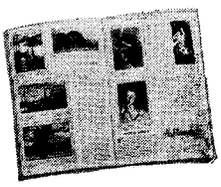

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the fall of "civilized" man come to pass in our own Western World in our day? A clue is offered to us by one of the figures in Mr. Trevor-Roper's Nazi portrait gallery: Albert Speer the architect, who served as Hitler's Armaments Minister with brilliant professional success in the ever more difficult conditions of the second phase of the war of 1939-45, when the tide was running more and more strongly against the war effort of the Third Reich.

There are features of Speer's career which would not pass muster if judged by contemporary Western standards of conduct in public life. Speer did not scruple to enrich himself in office; he did not scruple to employ, on a massive scale, the slave labor that the Nazi system provided for him. All the same, the gulf between Speer's behavior and that of his contemporaries who have been charged with similar tasks in Western countries is not so great as to spare us the uneasy doubt about how we ourselves might have stood the test if we had found ourselves in Speer's shoes. "There, but for the grace of God, goes" many a familiar and respected British or American organizer of victory for the United Nations. Speer, then, is not an incomprehensible monster; he is, at worst, a caricature of a well-known type of professional man in a modern Western World that is Nazi Germany's matrix; and, in the crisis of his career, he compels our respect. When he realized that Hitler in defeat was intending to make a holocaust of occupied Europe, and of Germany itself, on a frustrated megalomaniac's funeral pyre, Speer set himself to save all that he could save of the material equipment of the Continent, and, in thus following his professional conscience, he put his life in jeopardy and went on risking it for months. The significant point here is that a man who, in the last resort, displayed this high degree of sanity and even higher degree of courage, should not have awoken to the truth till the situation brought about by Nazi gangster politics had reached a quite desperate pass. On this point, Mr. Trevor-Roper is most illuminating:

> Speer was a technocrat and nourished a technocrat's philosophy. To the technocrat . . . politics are irrelevant. To him the prosperity, the future of a people depends not upon the personalities who happen to hold political office, nor upon the institutions in which their relations are formalized—these are irrelevant phenomena of no ultimate significance—but upon the technical instruments whereby society is maintained, on the roads and the railways, the canals and bridges, the services and factories wherein a nation invests its labor and whence it draws its wealth. This is a very convenient philosophy; and it is true that in certain times (so long, that is, as they can be taken for granted) politics can be ignored. For nearly two years after he had succeeded Todt as armaments minister, Speer found that he could take politics for granted, merely observing the antics of the politicians from his favored seat in the royal box, while he concentrated his activities and interests upon the communications and factories which he completely understood. Then he was disillusioned.

This irresponsible attitude towards human affairs of the negatively respectable technician is evidently one key to the riddle of the genesis of Hitler's criminal regime, but its relevance is not limited to this pathological and, as it has turned out, ephemeral enormity in the political life of the West. It is characteristic of the political life of the greater part of the Western World during the last three or four centuries, since the ironing out of our medieval Western traditions of self-government in all but a remnant of the communities in which they had previously prevailed. More than that, it is characteristic of "civilized man" in most other places and times, and, indeed, of human nature itself. "A god in technology; an ape in life." If this paradox is not to be man's epitaph, he must take it as a challenge from his Creator which he can no longer dare to leave unanswered.

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POEMS OF HERBERT HENRY KING, read by ROBERT SPEAIGHT. L-1010, 11 (1) (*One of 7 records asstd. Engl. poetry.*)	A	A perfect mike technique; uses voice tone, change of pace for variety instead of "punch."	Better, more intelligible, longer lasting reading than any of listed poets in their own works. Remarkably effective.
CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND ("COPEY") reads Revelation, Chs. VI, VII. B-1000, 01 (1)	A—	From sound film track. Thin vocal tone, high but smooth surface noise.	Great example of classic academic delivery with slight vocal resources. Stylized, highly effective in spite of poor recording.
EDWIN BOOTH reads from Othello, Act 1, scene 3. (recorded 1890). Dubbed to modern disc; Abt. $10. (*Text included.*)	D— (With text: B)	From wax cylinder. Voice is faint, surface noise very high. No highs, no lows. But what is there is faithful, accurate.	Yes, Booth himself, from a wax cylinder. With text it is perfectly intelligible; gives good idea of Booth's power.
RT. REV. J. H. COCKBURN reads THE PRODIGAL SON; CHARITY. B-1004, 5 (1)	A	Excellent mike technique—contrast without vocal "punch." (See Robert Speaight)	A Scotchman reads Bible in best British tradition. Grave, perfect diction, not over-preachy.
HAROLD T. PULSIFER reads assorted poems (*see catalogue*). P-1114, 15 (1)	A—	Low pitched, edgy, somewhat distorted. But easily intelligible. Good surface (A—)	An older voice, somewhat scratchy, but reads well, unaffectedly. Small words, phrase-ends, lost.
SHERIDAN, THE RIVALS. Walter Hampden, Bobby Clark. (Father and son scenes.) D-1000, 01, 2 (1)	A—	Rather scratchy voice quality but ideally suited to Hampden's gruff style. Very effective, quite intelligible.	Utterly delightful two sides of Restoration drama, complete story in itself; as "contemporary" as Broadway.
CHAUCER, PARDONER'S TALE. DEBATE OF THE BODY AND THE SOUL. (Middle Engl.) Prof. Fred N. Robinson SS-5028, 29 (1)	A—	Close-to, big, heavy voice; breathy effect, but perfectly intelligible. Sibilants lacking.	Clearly read Middle-English-with-American accent; easy to follow with help of printed text. Good idea.
BLISS PERRY, "EMERSON'S LAST DAYS IN CONCORD"; "HENRY ESMOND" (Lectures). Prof. Bliss Perry (1935). SS 4770, 71 (1)	A	Perry reads slowly, carefully, but with complete naturalness. Instinctive mike technique!	Two short complete lectures, radiating a quiet, warm, scholarly personability. A fine model for good university teaching.
GRANVILLE-BARKER reads from his PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE. D-1006, 07 (1)	A— to B+	Varies in effect; some lip-smacking nervousness. He loses it as each record progresses.	A British lecturer; stylized, somewhat sing-song as in poetry reading. Becomes monotonous, sermon-like.

MORE HARVARD RECORDS

INTEREST in the recent (*SRL* May 31) survey of Harvard Vocarium poetry records was so great that I herewith present a cross section of some other types of recording in Professor Frederick Packard's Harvard catalogue. With liquidation in July of the Harvard Film Service the distribution of these records has now been taken over by Harvard's Widener Library. All inquiries should now go to Harvard Vocarium, Widener Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., attention the business manager, instead of to the Film Service address printed in the catalogue.

The end of the Film Service very nearly left the Harvard record collection an orphan, but fortunately the new set-up will allow it to be continued and enlarged. Several brand new recordings of T. S. Eliot are announced for coming months. Thanks for this turn of events is surely due in part to the interest that *SRL* readers showed in the records. EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

FANNIE HURST

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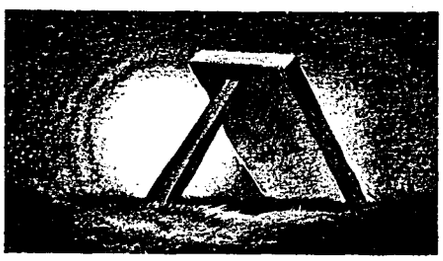

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the Phoenix Nest

A FINE English writer has died. Her death occurred this spring, toward the end of May. Her brother-in-law, Theodore Francis Powys, wrote of her that her death reminded him of a phrase from the Arabic:

> In the garden of life, a bird sang on the highest branch, and then soared away.

I had the honor of meeting her only once, when she and her husband, Littleton Powys, came to our apartment for cocktails one day, soon after their return from Arizona, where they had gone for her health. Her writing name was Elizabeth Myers, and most of her first novel, "A Well Full of Leaves" (published by William Morrow & Co. in this country), is to me as remarkable writing as I have encountered for years. Her second novel, concerning Swift and Vanessa, "The Basilisk of St. James's," I have never read, but her third, "Mrs. Christopher," is an ingenious story of which the most remarkable parts are passages of description of London and flashes of unusual insight into character. For a person obviously but a sojourner here, who had an intimate connection with something real beyond this life, Elizabeth Myers also knew the ironic, rough side of life. I should think that no one who ever met her could forget that warmly appreciative intelligence and distinguished frailness. It is a great loss to us all that she is gone, for she carried a light through the darkness.

After her death her husband found a brief hand-written memorandum:

Cycle of E. M.'s Work

1. The least thing, *i.e.*, the necessity for personal happiness, "A Well Full of Leaves."
2. Romantic love, "The Basilisk of St. James's."
3. The higher achievement, *i.e.*, universal love of all things, all people, "Mrs. Christopher."
4. The highest achievement, without which all the foregoing have no significance, *i.e.*, love of God, "The Governor."

The last-named book was only half finished, and, says her husband, according to her strict instructions has been destroyed. She was born in Manchester, England, in 1912 and educated at the Notre Dame school there, being a Roman Catholic. She began work as a secretary in London at the age of sixteen, and at eighteen her first story was published in that uniquely distinguished small English magazine *The Countryman*. Arthur Waugh, chairman of the board of Chapman and Hall, first recognized her gifts, and it was through him, a great friend, that Mr. Powys first met her. Her husband speaks of how, when she came to live at Sherborne in Dorset, she had an unerring eye for all natural phenomena. She lived her life fully and was reckless of her health. During the year of the worst bombing of London she went back and forth to her office, and worked at her writing at night. We Americans who met her will never, I know, forget her.

* * *

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"For centuries, through the rhododendrons in the cool Himalayan foothills where he lives, the male musk deer has been relentlessly chased by hunters. Unfortunately for him, the musk deer has a scent gland that contains a sex lure. In its pure form, musk is worth $40,000 a pound to perfume manufacturers."
—*TIME*, Feb. 24, 1947.

For centuries through flowered vale
From starry dawn to sable dusk
Have toiled relentless those who trail
The meek and inoffensive musk.

In subtle noose and cunning snare
His limbs are tangled and made fast,
That deb and dowager may wear
A scent whose lure is unsurpassed.

Too soon, unless his value sag
(Now fetching forty G's per pound),
On lonely peak or jutting crag
No longer will he freely bound.

To think of this shy creature dead,
Perchance extinct, spurs one to state
That ladies should devise instead
Less fatal means to fascinate!

RAYMOND HOSKEN.

I am glad to print the following from a lady named Darling on East 58th Street:

> The end of April, you mentioned doing a piece on Bernard Shaw. I wondered if you came across the following statement of his which appeared some months ago in *The Ladies' Home Journal:*
>
> LIVE IN CONTACT WITH DREAMS, AND YOU WILL GET SOMETHING OF THEIR CHARM: LIVE IN CONTACT WITH FACTS, AND YOU WILL GET SOMETHING OF THEIR BRUTALITY. I WISH I COULD FIND A COUNTRY WHERE THE FACTS ARE NOT BRUTAL, AND THE DREAMS ARE NOT UNREAL.

I'm always wishing to have that printed on the top of my writing paper, and maybe I shall some day. There's another story about G.B.S. that I don't think has ever been printed. It concerns the rehearsal of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" when Lady Forbes-Robertson was doing Cleopatra. Shaw called out to her from the front of the house, during the rehearsal, "My dear Lady Forbes, you must remember that Cleopatra was ROYAL. . . . Everything about her was ROYAL, every gesture was ROYAL." Lady Forbes came down to the footlights and with a gesture said, "Oh, my dear Mr. Shaw, I'm so sorry but you see I'm only a country girl from Bathport, Maine."

I'm not too sure about Bathport but she and Maxine Elliot came from some small town in Maine. Anyway Shaw was delighted by what Lady Forbes said and flew up the steps over the footlights and put his arm about her. He evidently taught her how to be ROYAL because according to the critics she was good as Cleopatra.

* * *

Lines written on the difficulty of keeping my mind on a mystery story that is continued back among the girdle ads

A body lies imbrued
With blood on the floor—
The story's continued
On page sixty-four.
I rapidly hurdle,
Reluctant to pause,
Past trim pantie girdle,
Past pert up-lift bras;
Past nightgowns revealing,
Past bright, brief sarongs,
Past ads as appealing
As sweet siren songs.
My mind's in a ruction,
The clues all take wings,
Amid the seduction
Of feminine things;
And gone are surmisements
Of who fired the shot,
Among advertisements
Where sex marks the spot.

DAVID H. KISER.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PROFESSIONAL WRITER with many interests and facilities would like stimulating correspondence with a versatile and gay lady. Box 360-W.

LEXICOGRAPHIC ASSISTANT, young, literate, ingenuous, socially conscious, with not too much experience in any field, wanted by compiler of professional dictionary. Box 361-W.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling—$1.03, Fancy Flowery Ceylon—$1.03, Assam—$1.00, English Breakfast—$.65, Smoky Lapsang Souchong—$1.68, Irish Style—$.95, Formosa Oolong—$.88, Jasmine—$1.80, Green Pan-Fired Japan — $.70, Uncolored B.F. Japan — $.70, Pinhead Gunpowder — $.78, Young Hyson—$.83. Initial Orders postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

ISLAND EMPIRE OF 44 ACRES IN LAKE MAHOPAC. 55 miles from New York City; 1 hour, 15 minutes by car. 10 room stone and timber lodge type home with all modern conveniences and telephone. Also guest cottage with two rooms, bath and kitchenette. Beaches, boats, sun deck. Ferry service to mainland dock in heart of village near railroad station. For sale, but will rent for the balance of season. Come up and see this secluded summer home. The boat ride is free. For further information call CH. 2-8685 (NYC) or Mahopac 797.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Conn. No rooms until September first.

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5000 WORDS FICTION—criticized free. Books, Plays, Articles, etc , marketed. Bertha Klausner, 130 E. 40 St., New York 16.

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YOUR FACTFINDER; investigates any problem. Broad experiences, history, sociology, psychology. Research, abstracts, translations, European-American background. Free or share profit. Box 761-T.

MILADY'S INTERESTS vary from Beethoven through books to baseball. Would challenge male correspondence on each or any. Box 362-W.

TWO IMAGINATIVE, resourceful, mature ex-Red Cross overseas club directors (female) want home for themselves and three dogs in small community or country. Prefer warm climate. Capable of managing guest ranch house, lodge, or small business. References. Box 368-W.

WATERFRONT, small country estate, unusual site, writer's home, seventy minutes from N.Y.C. Widow prefers sell (rent, selling clause). Asking $25,000. Box 369-W.

EXPERIENCED ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY, BA (Spanish, English) desires employment, Texas or vicinity, publisher or similar. Box 370-W.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. Jene Stern, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, MU 4-0087.

Continued on page 38

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PERSONALS

Continued from page 37

ARE YOU A COLLECTOR OF SPECIAL SETS OF LITERATURE? Send for bargain list. Box 964-T.

THE NEW QUARTERLY "Neurotica" respectfully solicits prose or poetry coddling tastes, interest, and the enlightenment of the neurotic personality. Only original work of literary or scientific value considered. Publisher: Jay Irving Landesman, 4450 Olive, St. Louis 8, Mo.

WELL-EDUCATED FEMALE, ambitious for career in Television, seeks correspondence with contemporaries. Box 371-W.

EXPERIENCED KINDERGARTENER, and mother with highest credentials, would like part time work with housed young child who loves hand craft and music. Box 372-W.

EVERY PICTURE AN ENLARGEMENT . . . BIGGER and better snapshots than you have ever seen before! New electronic developments give you improved lifetime deckle-edge enlargements at our same low price. Any 8-exposure roll developed and printed enlarge size 25¢, reprints 3¢ each. Fast, accurate service guaranteed! Send for free mailers, today! Enlarge Photo Service, Box 791P, Boston, Mass.

EUROPEAN LADY wishes to correspond with mature gentleman interested in French and German languages. Box 373-W.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN APARTMENT four rooms faculty couple will exchange for apartment or house in New Haven, Connecticut. Box 450-T.

YOUNG CREATIVE WRITER, European background, meantime stuck trade-publications (free-lancer) will form "Two Contributors, Incorporated" with reading-lover (also scanner-clipper) of very modest expectations. Box 374-W.

OLD THEATER POSTERS, programs, maps, prints, valentines, scrap book pictures, cards, sold at this store. Sorry, no catalog. Brandon, 852 Lexington Avenue near 64th St., N.Y.C.

THIS WITCH CHARLESTONED; approves, jitterbug. Likes Jung, Thurber, Koestler, Steig, Moussorgsky, Brahms, Debussy. Intellectual skeptic, intuitive believer one world, one unobstructed universe. Prejudiced against supermen. Slightly normal withal. Any wizards like my brew? Box 375-W.

RECEPTIONIST, male 39, available. Really like people, personality, also clerical work, full-part time. N.Y.C. Box 376-W.

EXPORT TO SOUTH AFRICA. Young business man would like to meet principals interested in representation in South Africa. Box 377-W.

NEED A WHIP? Crop? Martinet or switch? Carefully hand-made. Box 364-W.

SINCERE, understanding gal invites correspondence from mature male with subtle, convincing line of gab. Box 365-W.

FOR SALE a 35 mile view from Denville, New Jersey to Empire State Building. A small forest of dogwood trees, black oak, white oak, etc. A lake 300 feet below with swimming and fishing. There is also a comfortable lodge—screened verandah 12x60; open fireplace for logs; adequate plumbing. Suitable for writer or artist wishing quiet surroundings with proximity to New York City. Worth about $8,000 Box 366-W.

RESIDENT PART-TIME TEACHING sought by employed woman editor. Manhattan. Box 367-W.

INVITES stimulating male correspondence to alleviate boredom. Box 378-W.

NE'ER-DO-WELL, too intelligent, thoughtful for one business house, seeks intellectual work this country, France. Competent prose, fluent French. Experience: teaching, business, travel. Politics: righteousness not self-righteousness. Supporters Smith over Cousins need not reply. Box 379-W.

WRITER WHO LIVES IN PROVINCETOWN who received outline, "Opera of Signifigance" October 1940. Contact Box 380-W.

ACCENT ON YOU with personalized cigars. Rare smoke. Cellophane printed with your name, product, etc. Does wonders for you socially and in business. For executives, salesman, clubs, parties, etc. Three sample cigars and details free if requested on business stationery or sent to anyone for 10¢. Ace Mail Order Company, East Orange 52, N. J.

DOG LOVERS—The artist sees more in a dog than the best camera. Five beautiful reproductions, various breeds, 8x10, $2.00. Box 336-W.

RETIRED WOMAN OF VARIETY of experience and travel wishes position, non-domestic companion. Box 381-W.

FUN LOVING COUPLE, brother and sister, invite correspondence from sophisticated people. Box 382-W.

WANTED: Intelligent unencumbered collaborator for short novel speculative basis. Box 383-W.

BUY CIGARS WITHOUT MONEY. Box of 50 "Impressive" cigars, clear Havana, blunts, long filler best smoke yet, pay $6.00 after you smoke the cigars and are satisfied. If not satisfied after smoking a few, send back remainder and pay nothing. Order today from Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

WANTED: LIVELY MALE correspondents for adventurous girl interested sports, travel, music, books. Box 384-W.

OLDER WOMAN, good background, wishes position as companion to a contemporary. Willing to travel. Box 385-W.

ORNERY MALE would correspond with female not allergic to orneriness. Box 993-T.

QUIET GENT, would correspond plain gal interested sciences, arts, outdoors. Box 386-W.

CULTURED MALE interested dramatics, books, yachts, invites correspondence. Box 99-W.

EX-NAVAL OFFICER, age 28, desires navigators berth, private cruise, preferably sail. Box 387-W.

SEEING EYE FOR WRITERS. Recent editorial member large New York publishing house, author of published novels and juvenile, will guide promising talent. Rates reasonable. Selling aid. Friendly interest, no machine-shop. Box 270-T.

BOOKS—Used, Rare and Out of Print. Millions in stock. Send lists or mention interests. American Antiquarian Booksellers, 529 South Melville, Philadelphia 43.

WANT TO CORRESPOND with bright artist, female, loves music, people, good conversation? Box 25-W.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT. Wanted woman typist, experience, editorial work, knowledge of chemistry for N.Y.C. publication. Box 395-W.

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METROPOLITAN MALE welcomes female correspondent and subjects as psychology, popular literature. Box 396-W.

RENTFREE in exchange light caretaking, quiet, comfortable shack in orchard and pines, beautiful Sierra foothills. Car, references essential. Vollnhofer, Calfax, California.

IS THERE A LADY CORRESPONDENT interested popular novels, the common? Box 397-W.

WILL MATURE GENTLEMAN write refined woman at Wit's End for New Horizons? Box 398-W.

LIBRARIAN, DEGREE. Male, mature, experienced, administration, research, private, college, public, reference circulation. N.Y.C. Box 399-W.

LADY, MATURE BUT YOUTHFUL, traveled but naive, wonders if there is a corresponding gentleman. Box 400-W.

MIDDLEAGED PROFESSIONAL WOMAN desires share her small apartment, vicinity Columbia University. Box 401-W.

REFINED MATURE LADY, will correspond with gent also matured, who loves the home and good cooking. Box 402-W.

SECRETARY, experienced, College, typing, steno. English, German, translations; editing, N.Y.C. Box 403-W.

REALISTIC IDEALIST with vision but no illusions, desires correspondence. Box 404-W.

IS A DYNAMIC, liberal Social Credit Movement possible in America? The creeping error of orthodox finance will spare no class, no party. Apathy and cynicism give aid to the commufacists. Sell America; Social Credit is the only answer! Box 405-W.

CORRESPONDENCE DESIRED by mature woman, in search of a soul. Interested in life, nature, philosophy. Age, sex, race or creed immaterial. Box 406-W.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Young woman, graduate degree psychology and five years' experience allied fields, seeks challenging opening in or out of her field. N.Y.C. Write type. Versatile, responsible. Vassar background. Minimum $4000. Box 407-W.

WIDOW, BOTH LITERATE AND LITERARY, desperately needs living quarters for herself and two school-age children near Columbia University for coming school year. Will lease, sublet, or share apartment; large or small; furnished or unfurnished. Finest references. Box 408-W.

DISCRIMINATING MEMBER OF FEMININE SEX wonders if business men can write letters other than business; or if professionals can write interestingly on topics medical, psychological, psychiatric. Box 409-W.

WRITERS' REJECTS—a new monthly magazine for writers! First issue September. We purchase and print rejected manuscripts. Detailed constructive criticism given with each story published. Order September issue for details. Writers' Rejects, 243 West 4 Street, Dept. S, New York 14, N. Y.

DELICACIES "FROM THE COPPER KETTLES OF LA CHAUMIERE—for those discriminating gourmets who delight in new taste thrills and who do not shy at high prices (good food has never been cheap)—Oysters Rockefeller Sauce, Sauce Rémoulade, Sauce Marguery, Soupe a L'Oignon, Créme Vichysoisse, Turkey a la King, etc. Write for descriptive price list. Products Du Chaumiére, Two Thousand Canal St., New Orleans, La.

YOUNG WOMAN, attractive, with personnel and magazine editing experience as well as secretarial, desires interesting position outside New York City. Box 410-W.

YALE MAN, ex-navy, now in Foreign Trade, desires correspondence with interesting girl. Box 411-W.

PARTNERSHIP INVITED. American Connecticut business woman experienced catering, interior decorating, selling some capital—desires male or female partner for small business East Coast Florida. Need experience and some capital. Must have ambition, humor, and like human nature. Box 412-W.

VETERAN AND WIFE, thirtyish, need security and permanency. Somewhere. Anywhere. Experience: display construction, stenography, bookkeeping, editing, research, proofreading. Could invest $500. Open to suggestions. Box 413-W.

WRITER SEEKS CABIN RETREAT SEPTEMBER 15 through Spring. Picture windows, skylight, ocean front desirable, wouldn't you know. But if you have something nice, please reply anyway. Box 414-W.

NURSEMAID JOB WANTED by college professor's daughter, 18. Interests: children, dramatics, literature, music. Experienced. Box 415-W.

ADVENTUROUS YOUNG NURSE, R.N. seeks professional position which demands travel, administrative skill, adaptability, social poise and Spanish. Box 416-W.

YOU CAN RE-LIVE THE CIVIL WAR in the pages of "Photographic History of the Civil War" by Brady and Miller, in actual photograph and text, 10 huge volumes for $59.75; or Harpers Weekly, 1861-65, 5 years, over 250 issues, profusely illustrated, $77.50; or the New York Tribune, 20 immense volumes, 1861-65, over 2000 daily issues, $675.00; odd volumes of Photographic History as above, $7.50 each; odd volumes of Harpers Weekly, $17.50, single issues $1.50; odd volumes N.Y. Tribune, $37.50; single issue $2.75. Box 326-W.

ARE YOU A COLLECTOR of National Geographics? We can supply all issues, volumes, sets. We also buy issues prior to 1910. Box 417-W.

IF YOU'VE JUST LOST A CASE in court, you can laugh at lawyers by reading the Green Bag, replete with entertainment about lawyers. If you want to curry favor with the law, present the Green Bag to your barrister. 8 volumes, over 3,200 large quarto pages for only $58.75. A wonderful gift for retired lawyers. Single volume $8.75. Box 961-T.

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THE HEADMAN'S HOUSE at Hidden Hills, a pioneer stockade without protection from Indians (but it does exclude the public) should be yours from August 1. A luxurious place to relax with all modern conveniences surrounded by not too virgin forests. Of course there is swimming, fishing and hunting, too. In season. Elevation 2400 ft. $400 per month. John Freeman, Molly Stark Trail (Vt. 9), Bennington, Vermont.

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

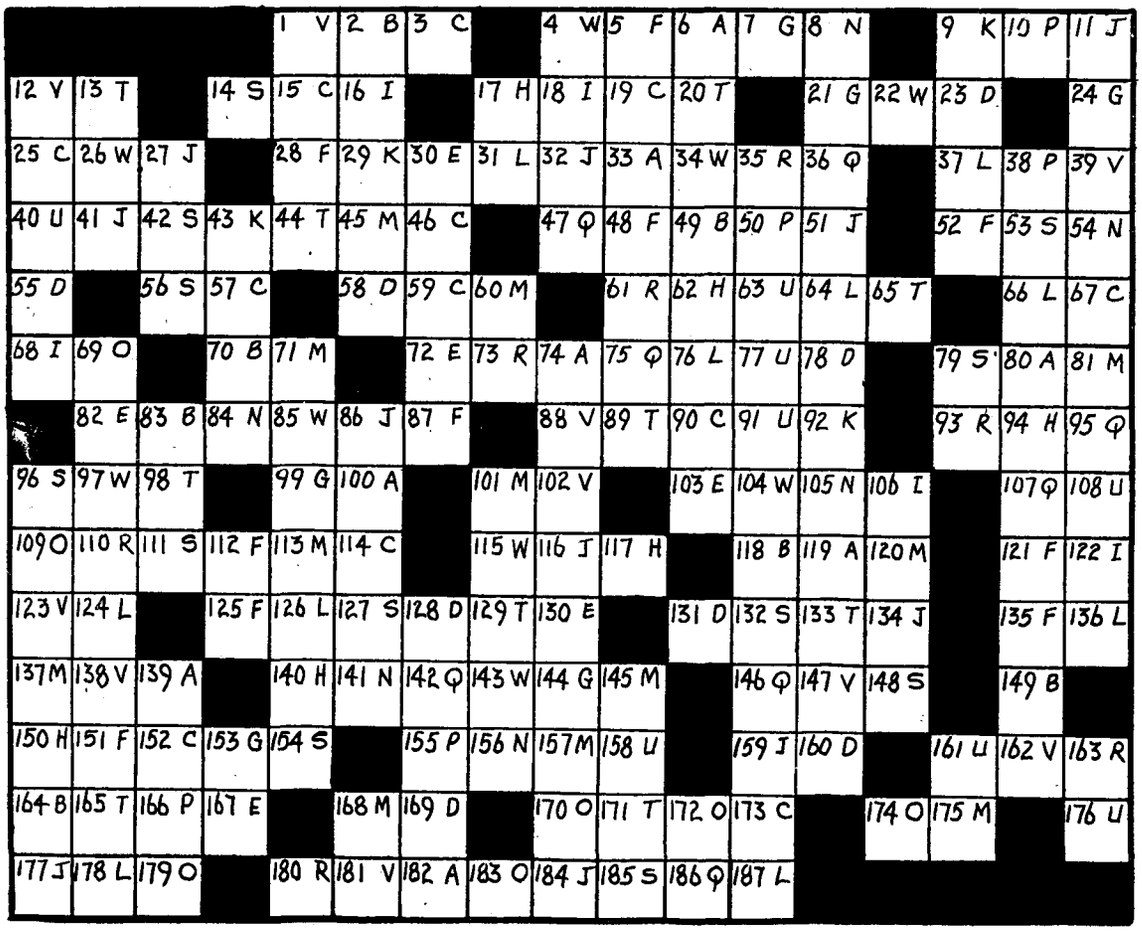
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An appellation for Israel (Bib.).	74 6 100 119 33 139 182 80
B. French commander of the National Guard in the Hundred Days.	70 164 83 149 49 [illegible] 118
C. Indiscriminately; heedless (3 wds.).	59 67 57 46 25 19 90 3 15 173 152 114
D. Extinct tribe of Iroquoian Indians of S. E. Virginia.	55 160 58 23 169 131 128 78
E. American divine and pres. of Harvard, 1685-1701.	72 82 103 130 167 30
F. Son and successor of Saul.	48 28 112 125 135 121 5 87 52 151
G. A thin plate or scale.	153 144 24 7 21 99
H. Influential German-American orchestra conductor (1835-1905; Chicago Symphony, 1891-1905.).	117 17 94 140 62 150
I. Japanese general, field marshal, prince (1842-1916).	16 106 18 68 122
J. Province in Korea, capital Taikyu (2 wds.).	159 116 86 184 177 11 27 41 51 134 32
K. Scottish Gaelic.	43 92 9 29
L. Prohibits or debars.	31 66 187 124 126 64 178 37 136 76
M. To maintain one's ground against an enemy (3 wds.).	157 120 60 175 168 137 45 71 101 113 145 81

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Irish surgeon, physician of Napoleon at St. Helena, author of "Napoleon in Exile" (2 vols., 1822).	141 84 105 54 8 156
O. A small object, metal, or carved in wood or ivory, pierced with holes (Jap. art).	183 109 170 179 174 172 69
P. A recondite dialect used by the ancient Irish.	38 50 10 155
Q. Town noted for rich diamond mines (Union of South Africa).	47 95 146 107 186 142 166 75 36
R. Sluggish; backward; loitering.	35 73 180 61 110 163 93
S. Confused as to what to do (Colloq.; 4 wds.).	79 154 185 132 148 111 53 127 14 56 96 42
T. A lively Scottish dance, resembling the reel, but slower.	13 129 44 171 133 89 98 165 20 65
U. Convicts allowed special privileges (U.S.).	77 108 63 40 176 91 158 161
V. State or quality of being obliterated.	12 1 102 181 162 147 123 138 39 88
W. Parliament of Norway (Var. sp.).	34 143 22 26 4 104 85 115 97

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean n o t h i n g. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

• When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 29 of this issue.

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